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THE

YOUNG CITIZEN

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF WORLD-BROTHERHOOD

Vol. 2 August 1, 1924 No. 5

4 -SEP 1924

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Edited by Annie Besant, D. L., and G. S. Arundale, M. A., LL. B.

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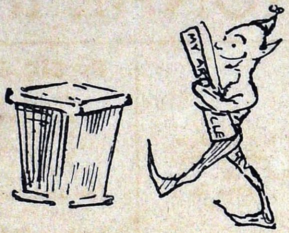

4-SEP 1924

News paragraphs, if short and well written, will be welcomed, and used if suitable. All the work done for this paper, except the actual three P's, printing, pulling, paper, is done for Service, not for payment. The probable losses are borne by a "cheerful giver".

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In the September Number of

The Young Citizen

WILL APPEAR:

From The Front
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Buddhist Stories. XVI. This Little Body Holdeth all
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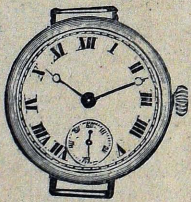

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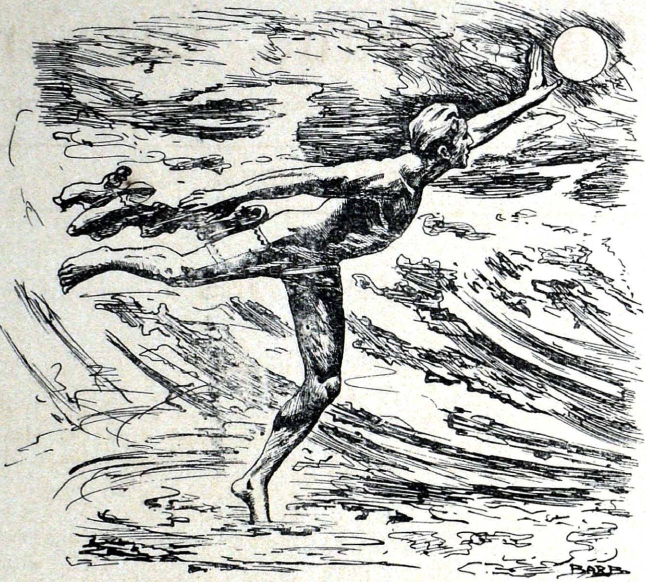

At-One-Ment Through Music

Pulsating ecstasy of burning anguish
    Transformed into a fiery flame of bliss
Oneself its very heart, its very essence—
    Leaping to heaven from the deep abyss
Breaking all bounds, all limits, all confining,
    Wildly expanding, rushing forth in joy—
Like one who shouts triumphantly exulting,
    Filled with a gladness nothing can destroy.
Plunging in waters deeper than the ocean,
    Merging in all their vast immensity;
Knowing all joy, all rest, peace and oblivion;
    Knowing all life in One Identity.
Arms wide outstretched in ecstasy of Being,
    Encircle all the earth in their embrace—
All earth made one with me in mystic union,
    In consciousness transcending form and space.

D. H. S.

The Young Citizen

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF WORLD-BROTHERHOOD

VOL 2. MADRAS, 1st AUGUST, 1924 No. 5

From The Front

BY G. S. ARUNDALE

MR. JINARAJADASA has been putting the growth of education in an interesting way recently before a Perth (Australia) audience. The title of his lecture was "The Fascinating Voyage for the Discovery of the Child". In the course of this voyage, he told his audience, there are a number of Ports of Call, some of which are behind us, but one of which, at any rate, is in front of us. The first Port of Call may be called the Port of Uniformity, where it was thought that all children were uniform, of one pattern—so many sheets of paper on which department and teacher could write a character and an intelligence. From the Port of Uniformity the voyage next took us to the Port of Play, Froebel being the discoverer of this Port, largely through the influence of Rousseau. Travelling still onwards, we came to the Port of Freedom where we found that the child must be given freedom to express himself without being guided like a horse. Not far away from this Port is the Port of Understanding and the Port of Joy. Perhaps we are travelling to these Ports at the present time. But one more Port remains as the haven of our voyage—the Port of Divinity, where we shall understand the nature and origin and purpose of the evolving spark of the Flame of God which we find ensouling the young body. I do not think we have yet reached this Port, although Edmond Holmes is in sight of it more than any other educationist of eminence whom I know. I like this voyage idea, and the various Ports of Call, and I wish that here, in India, the spirit of the idea—fundamentally true, surely—could *animate*—the word is very appropriate in all its meanings—our so wooden system. It is tragic to see so many young lives wasted, and nothing done except the eternal and futile tinkering, as witness the Universities Conference recently held at Simla. When will our educational authorities realise that what India needs is a radical overhauling of the system from to top bottom, in the light of Indian conditions and Indian needs, and as the overhauling will take time the sooner it can be begun the better. Would that our Viceroy could see his way to the appointment of a representative unofficial Commission with wide terms of reference. The cost, though considerable, would be money very well spent.

Dr. Tagore, during his tour in the Far East, has addressed the following message to the Youth of Japan:

> Be not ashamed, my brothers, to stand up before the proud and the powerful in your white robes of simpleness; let your crown be humility; your freedom, the freedom of the soul. Build God's throne daily upon the ample bareness of your poverty, and know that what is huge is not great, and that pride is not everlasting.

A fine message, indeed, and meet for the Youth of the whole world. Speaking the other day to students in Great Britain, Tagore pointed out that while the West has great service to give to the world, yet there is great

danger lest the West destroy rather than build, unless the power given to it by God is used in a spirit of Brotherhood. Unfortunately, he said, the dominant note at the present time is more a note of enslavement than a note of Freedom, because the West lacks the spiritual power to blend and harmonise, and lacks, too, the sense of the personality of man. "The peace of the world," he concluded, "depends upon the right understanding between East and West, and for this a keen realisation of the great spiritual unity of mankind is indispensable." True and noble words, and, curiously enough, endorsed in no uncertain language a short time ago by Lord Balfour, Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, who declared:

> The different human races have come to-day into a more constant touch than ever before. But such a great occurrence, far from reaching its true fulfilment, has given rise to an almost universal spirit of conflict. Unrest is felt everywhere in the present-day world and the desire for peace and goodwill, fellowship and amity, is spreading far and wide and groping for expression. Those who are familiar with the situation in Eastern countries painfully feel the great menace of the growing estrangement between East and West.

Dr. Besant has for years been laying stress on the danger of this growing estrangement, and it is well that at last it should be begun to be realised, though our senior editor has earned much opprobrium and unpopularity, both in East and West, for standing heart and soul against this menace. In this connection, one is glad to read the following in *The Japan Advertiser*:

India's Mission

> It is fitting that such a move toward world understanding should come from India which has never yet missed a single first epoch of the Great Teachers of the world, for India's ambition has always been and always will be to bring back the world to the light of the Spirit. India gave the world Buddha; India revitalised the spiritual life of all Eastern Asia; it was the Indian Gaspar that was one of the first wise men to go to Bethlehem when a new Teacher was born in the person of Jesus Christ and to bring back the news first that a new Teacher had come to light the world with His doctrines. And now there is the great Gandhi, whom even his political foes esteem for his saintliness.
>
> Who knows but that India might yet show the world a way out of the present maelstrom of political, economic and racial passions that are convulsing humanity?

In one form or another the Home of Greatness idea is evidently catching on. Readers of *The Young Citizen* will have noticed in our correspondence last month a suggestion in a New Zealand newspaper that there should be a New Zealand Home of Greatness. And now comes the news that the University of Washington has just decided to place the figures of the world's greatest men on the front of a splendid new library which the University is building. The selection has been made by the members of the various faculties and is as follows:

> Adam Smith, social science; Beethoven, music; Dante, poetry; Darwin, biological science; Leonardo da Vinci, art; Benjamin Franklin, public service; Galileo, physical science; Goethe, poetry; Grotius, international law; Gutenberg, printing; Herodotus, history; Homer, poetry; Justinian, law and administration; Moses, religion; Newton, mathematics and physics; Pasteur, medical science; Plato, philosophy; Shakspere, drama.

I must say I am very much astonished at the choice, although such selections must necessarily be more or less a matter of opinion. I can understand that the names of the Great Teachers Themselves have been omitted, but I cordially agree with the following comment by an American journal:

> It is remarkable that only one American is considered worthy of a place among the great, and he, Franklin! That the genial old Quaker was worthy of high rank no one will deny, but if he is to be included, certainly a place should be found for Washington, Lincoln and Emerson. Ralph Waldo Emerson has moulded the thought and spirit of America more than has any other writer, and, through America, has influenced the world.
>
> Why Adam Smith? Because of the banal conservatism of his economics? Why Dante? Who save pedants, professors and priests ever read his prolix and highly-involved poetry? It has had but little effect upon popular thought.
>
> Where do we put Pericles, under whose directing hand Greece reached the highest pinnacle of National splendor; St. Augustine, whose comprehensive intellect formulated the dogmas of the Church and dominated Europe for a thousand years; Roger Bacon, irascible old genius, the father of modern scientific thought; Copernicus, whose far-reaching discoveries swept aside the Ptolemaic astronomy which for fifteen centuries had held the stage; Voltaire, before whose devastating laugh age-old tyrannies and pretentious aristocracies trembled?
>
> Herodotus, the conscienceless old romancer and gossip, as the representative of the science of history! Then what shall we do with Gibbon, Mommsen, Guizot, Ferrero, Motley?
>
> And why no great inventors, Volta, McCormick, Eli Whitney, Faraday, Edison, Wright Brothers?

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Why no great discoverers, Leif Ericsson, Raleigh, Mungo Park, Magellan, Stanley? Why no great social reformers, Cromwell, Wilberforce, Shaftesbury, Garrison, Gough?

And not a single Indian! Perhaps readers of *The Young Citizen* might like to improve upon the University of Washington's eighteen. We shall be glad to receive lists. Elsewhere in this issue will be found a list of Canada's greatest men, selected by the Canadian Clubs of Canada.

The Young Citizen, not *The Young Citizen*, is, I am very glad to see, given prominent recognition at the wonderful Commonwealth Exhibition at Wembley, which I hope to describe in a future issue when I have been able to pay it a personal visit. Mr. Rudyard Kipling had been asked to name some of the important points in the Exhibition, and has very appropriately named the space in front of the great Stadium—the place where more than 100,000 spectators may view athletic contests—The Place of Youth. Everywhere throughout the world Youth is coming to the fore in all departments of human activity, but a healthy body is the condition precedent to all healthy activity of mind, emotions, feelings and action. So a space in front of a Stadium dedicated, as a Stadium inevitably is, to health and to comradeship in competition, is very truly a Place of Youth. Another happy effort of Mr. Kipling is that of "Unity Bridge East" and "Unity Bridge West" for the two bridges across the central lake, symbolising the fact that the growing strength of the Commonwealth will enable the East and the West to meet at last in true brotherhood, an ideal Mr. Kipling has shown in his famous poem to depend for its realisation upon strength, for weakness is ever suspicious, proud, separative, while strength—true strength—is ever unifying.

O East is East, and West is West,
And never the twain shall meet.
But there is neither East nor West, border,
breed, nor birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, though
they come from the ends of the earth.

I cannot congratulate Mr. Kipling on the phrase "Fairway of the Five Nations". Is India still not a Nation in Mr. Kipling's mind, though the Mother of Nations? More happily chosen is "Commonwealth Way," though, I fear, Mr. Kipling was only thinking of the Australian Commonwealth, and not of that larger Commonwealth of which Australia will some day be one of the poles.

Readers of *The Young Citizen* have heard from time to time of various "Weeks"—"Education Weeks," "Boys' Weeks," and so on. They will, I feel sure, be delighted to hear of a "Be kind to Animals Week" in Oklahoma, United States of America, the importance of which has been officially recognised in the following proclamation:

WHEREAS, since the teaching of kindness, justice and mercy to every living creature is one of the powerful factors in our civilisation, and the development of good citizens, and

WHEREAS, the President of the United States has approved the general observance of "BE KIND TO ANIMALS WEEK," and

WHEREAS, the American Humane Education Society, The Oklahoma State Humane Society, and similar organisations throughout the Country have selected the week beginning April 6th, and ending April 12th, 1924, for this observance, and invite the people to talk it, the press to publish it, the teachers to teach it, and the ministers to preach it.

NOW, THEREFORE, I, M. E. Trapp, as Governor of the State of Oklahoma, hereby call upon every good citizen in the State of Oklahoma, to join in the observance of this Week, and aid in the promulgation of this great teaching as far as possible. The greatest need in all the world is kindness, and there is no stronger force for the eradication of crime than the correction of cruelty, neglect and abuse.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and caused to be affixed the Great Seal of the State at the Capitol, this 25th day of March, 1924, A. D.

M. E. TRAPP,
Governor

I am particularly interested in the fact that the dates selected for the Week are exactly those we selected here in India for that first National Education Week which gave so wonderful an impetus to National Education activity throughout the country. The American Boys' Week was also fixed this year, as well as last year, for April. April seems to be the month of Weeks. Would that in India we could have another Week for National Education. Unfortunately, the Non-Co-Operation movement has temporarily killed all concerted action and common causes.

In The World's Service

Guru Nanak

A. D. 1469—1538

THE world needs the service of Teachers and Saviors, to reveal to it either a new truth or to reassert an old one, because it strays away from the Path shown to it by a Great Teacher. India had thus strayed away from the balanced teachings of Hinduism in the 15th century. Some were engrossed in academic intellectualism and in the discussion of hair-splitting differences in philosophy, while others were slaves to narrow formalism, ritualism and ceremonialism. To combat these, there was a great revival of the cult of Devotion or true Bhakti in the 15th and 16th centuries, and many Saints seem to have taught similar doctrines all over India. It had its origin in the South with Rāmānûja and Ramānanda, who carried the message to the Holy City of Benares, that great centre of Hindu learning as well as of piety. The Bhakti Saints, while inculcating the need for devotion to God and showing the futility of academic discussion and intellectual accuracy, if devoid of a moral background, adopted the Hindu traditions of learning and worship. Nanak and Kabir, on the other hand, not only combated the futile intellectualism, but still more the lifeless ceremonialism of the Hindu as well as of the Muslim. While Kabir restricted himself to a small area in Northern India, Nanak travelled far and wide and spread his doctrines even as far as Ceylon. Hindus and Muslims were taught to regard each other as brothers, having derived their origin from the same Eternal One, the Formless Creator.

GURU NANAK

Guru Nanak was born of humble parents at Talwandi in the Lahore District, in April, 1469. He bore upon him the imprint of greatness and the family astrologer, who saw him soon after his birth for casting his horoscope, worshipped him with clasped hands and predicted that the child would wear the Umbrella, a symbol of regal or prophetic dignity. Nanak began to talk on divine subjects at the early age of five and is said to have understood the full significance of his language.

At the age of seven, when a teacher was engaged to instruct him, he astonished all by making an acrostic with the letters of the alphabet. Nanak learnt little from his teacher, but in communion with ascetics and sages he learnt much about the problems of life, still more did he learn from his own "communings with Nature in summer's heat and winter's frost and in the glory of the firmament, in the changeful aspects of nature, as well as in the joys and sorrows of the inhabitants of his native village, he read in bright

characters and repeated with joyous iteration the name of the Formless Greater". He sang thus:

Let Yogis practise Yoga, let gluttons practise gluttony,
Let penitents practise penance, and rub and bathe,
Themselves at places of pilgrimage;
But let me listen to Thy songs, O Beloved, if any will sit and sing them to me.

The ceremony for investing him with the sacred thread, which had become a mere formality even at that time, drew an interesting criticism from him in the following verse, addressed to the priest:

Make mercy thy cotton, contentment thy thread,
Continence its knot, truth its twist.
That would make a *janeu** for the soul; if thou have it, O Brahmana, then put it on me.

Guru Nanak invested everyday affairs with a spiritual significance, and when asked by his father to take to agriculture for his livelihood, he replied:

Make thy body the field, good works the seed, irrigate with God's name;
Make thy heart the cultivator; God will germinate in thy heart and thou shalt thus obtain the dignity of Nirvāna.

Further, when asked to take up trade and keep a shop, he is said to have similarly retorted:

Make the knowledge that life is frail thy shop,
The true Name thy stock-in-trade;
Make meditation and contemplation thy piles of vessels; put the true Name into them;
Deal with the dealers of the true Name, and thou shalt gladly take home thy profits.

Nanak was ultimately married and persuaded to accept an appointment as store-keeper, under a Mussalman Governor, at Sultanpur. He had a large income, the major part of which he devoted to the poor and the needy. It was at this time that he had a unique spiritual experience, a kind of expansion of consciousness, which he gave expression to in the following beautiful passage:

Were I to live a million years and drink the air for my nourishment,
Were I to dwell in a cave where I behold not sun or moon and could not even dream of sleeping,
I should still not be able to express Thy worth, how great shall I call Thy name?
Nanak, had I hundreds of thousands of tons of paper and a desire to write on it all after the deepest research,
Were ink never to fail me and could I move my pen like the wind,
I should still be unable to express Thy worth, how great shall I call Thy name?

This experience seems to have made a complete change in his career. He came out of the forest after this experience in three days and gave away all that he had to the poor, proclaiming: "There is no Hindu and no Mussalman!" This remark appear to have incensed the Qazi (Muslim priest) of the place, and when asked for an explanation, Nanak is said to have remarked:

Make kindness thy Mosque, sincerity thy prayer-carpet,
What is just and lawful thy *Quran*.
Make right conduct thy Kaba, truth thy spiritual guide, good works thy creed and thy prayer.

From this moment onwards he took up the task of preaching his doctrines far and wide and began his wanderings throughout the length and breadth of India. His mission on these wanderings was to break down the sham formalism of Hindu ritual and to expose the hypocrisy that underlay much of the outer show. Guru Nanak consequently visited the great citadels of Hinduism, Hardwar, Benares, Gayā and Jagannath Puri. A constant companion on these visits was Maradana, a minstrel devotee, who clung to him. At Hardwar, the Guru saw that while the great crowd washed and cleaned their bodies, their hearts remained impure, and while they performed ablutions with love and devotion, their minds wandered. At Benares, he vanquished the learned Pandits in argument and showed them that, learned as they were, they had lost the spirit of Hinduism. At Jagannath Puri, when invited by the priests to join in the evening worship in the Temple, he gave vent to the following utterance:

The sun and moon, O Lord, are thy Lamps; the firmament
Thy Salver; the orbs of the stars the pearls enchased in it.
The perfume of the sandal is Thine incense, the wind is Thy fan,
All forests are Thy flowers, O Lord of Light.

After twelve years of wandering in the various parts of India, preaching his doctrines, the Guru came back home but only to start again immediately on a second journey.

*(Janeu=A sacred thread)

He visited a large number of places in the Panjab making converts among Hindus and Mussalmans alike. His doctrines were not accepted by the majority, and at a place called Goindwal, he was shunned by all except a leper. The Guru accepted his company and the leper was cured by the benediction of the Guru's presence.

The Mughals led by Babar were on their way to Delhi, to wrest the Empire from the Pathans, who were then ruling. The Guru was captured and put into prison. When asked to carry loads in the prison, it was found that the load did not rest on his head but floated in the air, a foot above it. This drew the attention of the King, who proclaimed him a Saint and even released all his prisoners when requested to do so by the Guru. Guru Nanak then settled down at Kartarpur and began definitely to preach the Doctrines of Sikhism, accept converts and consolidate his followers.

After some time the Guru started on a more extended tour, visiting the extreme south and even Ceylon, returning to Kashmir, the fastnesses of the Himalayan range, and ultimately going to Medina and Mecca. At Mecca, he slept with his feet in the direction of the Mosque. This displeased the followers of the Prophet, and they asked him to turn round. He asked in return: "Turn my feet where God is not." When they tried to turn his feet, they found, to their amazement, that the Mosque itself turned with his feet. They acknowledged Nanak's greatness, and he returned to Kartarpur with a larger number of converts and a greater reputation than ever. The Guru henceforward stayed at Kartarpur and composed hymns which diffused spiritual light and dispelled mental darkness.

The Guru knowing that his death was near appointed Angad as his successor. On hearing of the approaching death of the Guru, the Mussalmans wanted to bury him, while the Hindus wanted to cremate him, but the Guru told the Hindus to place flowers on his right, and the Mussalmans to put them on his left on the night of his death, and those whose flowers were fresh in the morning were to have the disposal of the body. The flowers on both the sides were in bloom in the morning, but when the sheet was removed, nothing was found beneath it. So ended the Ministry of one of the greatest of Indian Saints, in A. D. 1538.

When Guru Nanak came into the world, spiritual darkness prevailed and the cry of pain was audible. Guru Nanak endured the greatest privations and travelled to different countries in order to regenerate the human race.

"He pointed out to men the straight way—that there was but one God, the Primal and Omnipresent. He restored the three legs which religion had lost and reduced to one the four castes of the Hindus. He placed the king and the beggar on a spiritual equality, and taught them to respect each other. He preached to all a religion of the heart, as distinguished from a religion of external forms and unavailing ritual."

The Motherland

Here's to the land of our thoughts and our dreams,
Here's to the sky that bends o'er her,
Here's to her mountains, her rivers, her streams,
And here's to her Future before her!
Chorus the Strain,
Swell the refrain,
And pledge to our country again and again!

Here's to the heroes and sages whose fame
So brightly illumines her story;
Here's to each thinker and worker whose name
Shall add a new ray to her glory!
Chorus the Strain, etc.

Here's to her brave men who do and who dare
Whate'er befits honor and duty;
Here's to her daughters so good and so fair,
Renowned for their virtue and beauty!
Chorus the Strain, etc.

Here's to her race that shall live to the last,
The World's brightest story adorning;
A race that shall flourish when others have passed
From earth like a mist of the morning.
Chorus the Strain, etc.

T. D. SULLIVAN

(Originally written of Ireland)

Buddhist Stories

No. XV

Dear to the Self is Self! Who Else could be so Dear?

(Trans. from the Udâna, or Book of Solemn Sayings, chap. 5, and Commentary.)

Thus have I heard: Once the Exalted One was dwelling near Sāvatthi, at Jeta Grove, in the pleasure-grounds of Anāthapindika, Feeder of the Poor. Now on that occasion, Pasenadi, the Rajah of Kosala, had mounted to the upper terrace of his palace with Mallika, the queen. Then said His Majesty to the Lady Mallika: "Tell me, madame, is there anyone on earth dearer to you than yourself?"

And she replied:—"No, Your Majesty! There is indeed no one on earth who is dearer to me than myself. And to you also, is there anyone dearer to you than yourself?"

"No, surely, Mallika!" replied the Rajah Pasenadi. "There is none dearer to me than myself."

Now [says the Commentary] the Rajah had hoped that the Queen would have said, "You, surely, Your Majesty, are dearer to me than myself!" and the Rajah was disappointed, [and it goes on to say]:

This Queen Mallika was formerly a poor girl of mean birth, the daughter of a garland-maker. One day she got a cake from a baker's shop and went to eat it in the royal pleasure-grounds. But happening to see the Lord Buddha going on His begging rounds attended by a following of brethren, she offered the cake to the Master. The Master signed that He would sit down. So Ananda, the Lord's attendant, folded the robe and made a seat for Him, and He sat down and ate that cake. Then, having rinsed His mouth, He sat smiling. Then said Ananda: "Pray, Lord, what shall be the fruit of this gift to thee?" And the Master replied: "This very day, Ananda, she gave the Tathāgata His first meal. Wherefore on this very day shall she become chief queen to the Rajah of Kosala, and she shall be dear and delightful unto him."

And so it came to pass, for that same day, His Majesty, having won a victory in battle at Kāsigāma, through his sister's son, had entered the city in pomp with his troops and went into that garden-pleasaunce. And she, seeing that the Rajah had arrived, came and ministered unto him. And His Majesty was well pleased with her and, sending for her father, gave him high rank; and when she had been admitted to the royal harem, made her his queen in chief.

Now one day he thought to himself: "I have highly honored this lady. Suppose I say to her "Who is dear to thee?" she will reply, "You, my lord, are dear to me!" and then she will ask me the same question, and I shall say to her "Why, you, of course, are dear to me!" and so we shall converse together in mutual flattery, each trying to fathom the other's thoughts..."

However, [says the Commentary,] she, being a devout follower of the Exalted One and His Order of Brethren, and mindful of the Master's words, replied as she did.

Now when she had thus answered, the Rajah was bewildered in his mind, and thus thought: "Here am I, the mightiest ruler on earth, and here dwell I after winning a glorious victory. Well may I say: 'I see none dearer to myself than myself.' But this woman, mean and low-born as she was, I have set beside me on the throne and have made her my equal in everything; and yet in spite of this she loves me not, and says out to my face: 'Myself am dearer to myself.' This is a hard saying."

So being displeased thereat, he rebuked her by asking: "What! Is not the Triple Gem more dear to thee?"

Then said the Queen: "The Triple Gem is dear to me for the sake of winning thereby the heaven world and blissful release. Therefore myself is dearer unto me than It." What did she mean? This. "All the world loves others in self-interest. Men long for a son, thinking, "He shall cherish me in mine old age". They long for a daughter thinking, "thus goes my clan to increase". They long for a wife, thinking, "she shall see to my creature comforts,"

and so on, with other kinship. All is for the sake of this or that profit. So seeing she replied. That was her meaning.

Then thought the Rajah: "This Mallika is a good, clever girl and very wise in saying 'Myself is dearer to me'. Why so 'tis! And now I come to think of it, my self also is dearer unto me. Come, come! I will go to the Master, and put the thing before Him."

With these thoughts he came down from the upper terrace and went to see the Master, and came to Him and told him all that matter and how Mallika had said thus and thus, and how he had replied thus and thus, and the reason for his coming. And the Master listened to him and knew the meaning of it and (having expounded unto him the Norm), He uttered this solemn saying:

> Tho' one should range in thought the whole wide world
> Nought could he find dearer to man than self.
> Since, then, so dear is each man to himself,
> Let him that loveth self none other harm.

F. L. WOOWARD

Prevent That Puncture

American Scouts—"Prevent that Puncture!" Campaign. From "Jamboree"

We reproduce from that excellent Scout Magazine, *Jamboree*, a delightful picture of some American members of the great Scout Brotherhood. Motorists owe these Young Citizens a deep debt of gratitude for working at the removal of the many enemies of tyres which congregate on public highways. What a heap they have collected, and not a particularly interesting job either. But you will notice that they keep smiling, for Service is more to a Scout than amusement, though he has no objection to amusement which does not interfere with duty!

The Youth Movement

[The following article in the American *Literary Digest* deals with a remarkable gathering of 7,400 students at Indianapolis, representing 1,000 educational institutions, which declared against war to start with and discussed many problems. It should be carefully read by all who are interested in the outlook of the Young. EDS.]

Youth's Decision Against War

WAR seems to have lost its glamor for youth, for 7,400 student leaders representing 1,000 universities, colleges and theological seminaries have decided that they will fight only if all peaceful efforts fail. At the same time, these students, assembled at the Ninth Quadrennial International Convention of the Student Volunteer Movement in Indianapolis, produced, after much testing of opinion, a formula against war which presents no departure from that now prominently before the public. Some criticism is directed against the "youngsters" for having ventured judgment on a question of National policy. On the other hand, the young prophets are not without honor in their own country.

The statement which was approved as embodying the sentiment of the huge gathering declares: "We believe that war is un-Christian, and that the League of Nations is the best means of preventing it, but we would resort to war in case an unavoidable dispute had been referred to the League or World Court without successful settlement." This viewpoint was selected by the Convention from four presented by student speakers, embodying every shade of opinion, from endorsement of Preparedness to out-and-out Pacificism. On a show of hands it received about 6,000 votes. The declaration for Preparedness as the best preventive of war received the vote of approximately 300 delegates, and the statement sanctioning absolute Pacificism was supported by about 500 delegates. A statement which urged Education against Militarism, and said that non-resistance is now impracticable, received about 4,000 votes. A summary of the expressions of the students was given by the chairman, Erdmann Harris, of Princeton University and Union Theological Seminary, New York, who said, as we quote his words from press reports:

It has been clearly shown that the students of this country and Canada recognise the bestiality of war. It has been made plain that students must cease to glorify war in history, and establish and strengthen agencies of International Justice, such as the League of Nations and the World Court. In other words, war must be outlawed legally.

It has also been shown that the 7,000 students here are against war, but an absolute stand of non-resisting Pacificism, as has been pointed out, is not practicable, and but a small percentage of those present here are in favor of it.

Even though it was decided not to adopt a resolution pledging non-co-operation in case of war, it is interesting, says *The Christian Science Monitor*, to note the preponderance of a clear understanding that future armed conflict is absolutely unnecessary, and we are told that:

This realisation marks a distinct advance in thought, and lays the foundation for a campaign of education which perhaps some day will make possible a declaration similar to the one proposed. The American college man is hardly ready at the present juncture to array himself on the side of those who are somewhat carelessly denominated as pacificists. The word, as commonly used, has an unpleasant sound to him. In its ordinary acceptation it does not mean just what he seeks to convey when he calls himself a non-co-operationist.

The really important consideration is, as indicated by the action of the Students' Convention, that to the young men of the representative colleges war has lost all its former glamor. Nothing is more certain than that, when the Youth of the world decide there shall be no more wars, there will be none. They, throughout the ages, have supplied the man-power which has made prolonged conflict possible. No war can ever again be waged by subsidised soldiery. Without the volunteers and the men willingly imprest into service, there could be no war.

"Old men may dream of an irresponsible, self-centred, self-sufficient, National isolation," remarks the New York *Times* in commendatory note of the students' action, "but some day, and soon, the Youth of America will see what is in their clear vision to-day translated into a National policy." But a warning note to the pacifist element is sounded by the Indianapolis *News*, which, agreeing that all wars are evil, points out that not all wars are avoidable. "Criminal Governments may force war on other Governments that would themselves be criminal if they did not resist." In a subsequent edito-

rial the same paper questions the advisability of the students' "invasion of the field of statesmanship," especially as the problem is one of those which "can be solved only by the greatest wisdom—which is not always the possession of youth". It was felt, of course, that it is a case involving morals and the application of religion to life:

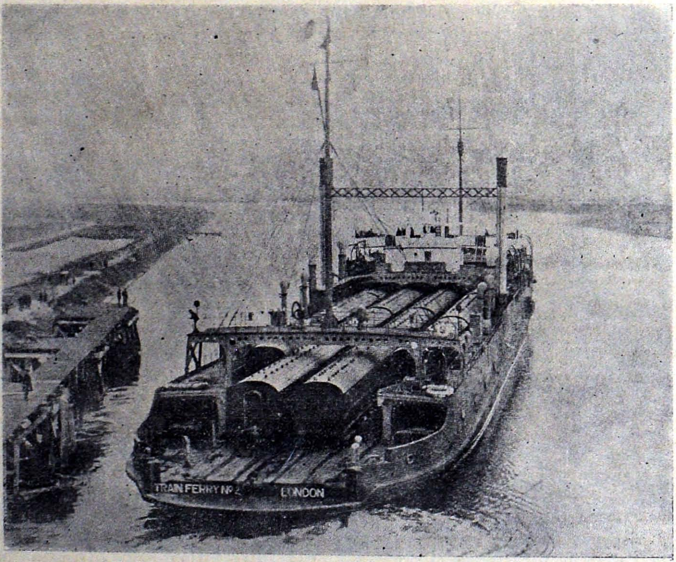
> But there is always the danger of misinterpreting religion, and misconceiving religious principles, And some knowledge of life, as well as of religion, is required. In expressing opinions on such subjects, there should be a certain reserve on the part even of the wise and experienced—still more on the part of the inexperienced and young.

Other problems were taken up by the convention, but they went no further than the point of discussion. It was commonly agreed that lynching "must stop," but none of the students, says a correspondent of the New York *Times*, had what were considered workable plans for ending the evil. Though it received group discussion, no definite stand was taken on the racial question, and no vote was asked. The students, says the same correspondent, "clearly could not 'take hold of it." This lack of definiteness leads the New York *Sun and Globe* to complain that the convention "has told us far too little".

> The country would have gained by knowing its views more fully on capital, labor, the present movements in religious belief, the faults in the private life of to-day, the tone of taste in the arts, the efforts to breed the race away from its high proportion of defectives, the state of that much-battered thing, the family relation, the spread of the Federal power, and a few other things. Perhaps the imported idea of a League of Youth, which the present relatively limited group endorses, would bring about the means of making a fair part of our several million young people audible and comprehensible.

Trains Travel across the Sea

During the War, it was found very troublesome to unload stores one side of the Channel from the train, then load them on the ships, then unload them again, and then load them once more into the train on the other side of the Channel. So they used the train ferrysystem, by which means the trains themselves steamed on to the steamer, and then steamed away from the steamer as soon as she was berthed, with only one loading and one unloading. This practice, begun in War, has now been continued in peace time, and our picture shows the ferry-steamer from Harwich in England to Zeebrugge in Holland, duly loaded with trains. The Emperor's third son, Prince Henry, performing a public function for the first time, opened this ferrysystem a few weeks ago.



Harwich to Zeebrugge

A Woman of the Hour

ELEONORA DUSE

[To the great loss of the world, Eleonora Duse, the great Italian actress, and in many ways the greatest actress in the world, died the other day at Pittsburg, U. S. A. We think our readers will be interested in two most informative appreciations, one English and the other American, showing her unique attitude towards theatrical art, and her consummate interpretation of her artistic conceptions. EDS.]

I

ELEONORA DUSE, who was born near Venice in 1859, paid her first visit to England in 1893, and from that date until 1906 had many triumphs on the London stage. Shortly after her last appearance in London she retired from the stage for some fifteen years, but returned, at a production in Turin, in 1921. In the early summer of last year she paid another visit to England, where she was seen in "The Lady from the Sea," "Ghosts," and a new play by an Italian author.

Duse, like Mrs. Siddons and Rachel, and unlike Sarah Bernhardt, came of a theatrical family. Tradition relates that she was born in a railway train. Whether that be or be not a historic fact, there is a certain symbolic appropriateness in the idea, for she was the most modern of artists. Out of modern costume she was never really at home. The systematic exaggeration of utterance required in rhetorical drama she probably despised—at any rate, she never mastered it. In one part only (of those that she played in England) did she make an irredeemable failure—and that was Shakspere's Cleopatra. Francisque Sarcey, who saw her as Cleopatra in Vienne, described her as an insignificant gipsy (or words to that effect), and conceived a low opinion of her talent. She could not, or would not, distend her personality so as to fill up the outline of a great historic figure. In D'Annunzio's Francesca da Rimini, though her speaking of the lovely lines was full of poetry and charm, she was never at her best. Her art was that of consummate self-expression, and the effort to throw herself back into the unfamiliar mental attitude of an historical personage perplexed and hampered her.

Another limitation—for we may as well dismiss her limitations while we are about it—lay in her deliberate and exaggerated scorn for all cheap and obvious effect. It was this that enabled some critics to place her second to Sarah Bernhardt among the actresses of her time. In many of the parts in which Bernhardt excelled, and notably in characters of melodramatic intensity, such as Fédora, Duse positively declined to attempt the violent effects of nervous excitation, as opposed to deep emotion, for which the plays were written, and apart from which they remain almost meaningless. This peculiarity she carried into other characters in which it was more seriously detrimental. The fact that a certain piece of "business" was easy, obvious, and so natural as to be almost inevitable was often, with her, a reason for omitting it. "If she were to act Hamlet," a leading English dramatist once declared, "she would certainly cut the Play scene."

It was in modern characters, then, and characters of a certain emotional sincerity and depth, that she was incomparable and unapproachable. What is commonly said of other actresses with more or less exaggeration was literally true of Eleonora Duse—she rather lived her parts than acted them. Therefore she varied from night to night, and people seeing her in the same part on different evenings would carry away very different impressions of her. She would live with greater intensity on one evening than on another. Her technical accomplishment was so perfect that it was always a delight to watch her. In the simplicity and economy of her means of expression she was always admirable. It was impossible for her to act badly, mechanically, or unbeautifully. But her rendering of emotion was undoubtedly more intimate, more intense, fuller of subtle sub-harmonies at one time than at another. Her great performances of her great characters—such as Marguerite Gautier, Magda, and Césarine in *La Femme de Claude*—were the noblest pieces of acting our age has seen. She was equally marvellous in the pathos of Marguerite Gautier's death scene and the withering scorn with which she annihilated the miserable Von Keller in Magda. Her utterance of the one word "Vattene!" ("Go!"), when Magdar ealises that Von Keller proposes to disown their child, ranks among her most magnificent moments. She seemed to tower to a loftier stature in order to overwhelm the shrinking egoist and snob. No less wonderful was the subtle wickedness of her Césarine. In the scene in which she tempts her husband's pupil she put on like a mask a new and fascinating beauty. Her face in repose was sensitive, intellectual, interesting rather than absolutely beautiful, but when the character required beauty she had it at command, even in the days when she disdained the aid of make-up. One of her most consummate performances was Mirandolina in Goldoni's *La Locandiera*, an absolutely perfect piece of dainty and sparkling comedy. She usually played *La Locandiera*, along with *Cavalleria Rusticana*, and no greater contrast could be imagined than that between the haggard and tragic gloom of her Santuzza and the Dresden-china prettiness of her Mirandolina. Nor, indeed, could the range of her power be better exemplified than in this favurite programme. Another comedy part that she played with extraordinary wit and vivacity was Cyprienne in Sardou's *Divorcons*; but here, while her first and second acts were perfection itself, she would not condescend to the broad vulgarity of the third act. She carried refinement to the pitch of a foible.

No actress was ever more free from the "staginess" of the theatrical profession. She shrank from publicity, and the interviewer was her abhorrence. One may suspect, perhaps, a little affectation, or, at any rate, wilful exaggeration, in the contempt with which, down to a late period in her career, she treated the legitimate mechanical aids to her art, such as false hair and make-up. Her abhorrence of the rouge-pot helped, no doubt, to bring home to her audiences the delicacy of her facial play; and by always wearing her own hair she was able to use it as a subtle aid to emotional expression. At last her hair turned so grey that she was compelled to take to a wig; and the wig necessitated a certain amount of make-up. There was loss, but also gain, in this change, which coincided with a greater attention to dress than she at one time displayed. The difference was apparent in a comparison of her wholly inadequate first performance of Paula in *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* with the finished and admirable embodiment which it afterwards became. This was the one English character (apart from Shakspere) that she ever attempted. Paula Tanqueray and Ibsen's Hedda Gabler were perhaps the greatest achievements of the years immediately before her retirement.

—Manchester Guardian

II

The Art of Duse

There was nothing flamboyant about the art of Eleonora Duse. It burned with a quiet inward light, and like a candle it was consumed, leaving behind it the memory of a certain spiritual radiance. A great actress has just passed away, in a country not her own, but among a people who have always recognised the mystic beauty of her work and have always been ready to give generously, as they did the evening of her great ovation, October 29 last, when she began her fateful American tour. In contrast to the brilliance of that Metropolitan Opera House audience in New York is the loneliness of her death in Pittsburgh. But this contrast is typical of Duse's life; throughout it has been tragic, despite the fact that Nations vied to do her honor, and in Italy cities hailed her as their own.

No matter what vicissitudes Duse faced, her artistic faith never wavered, though often her faith in the art of the theatre was broken. With her there was no playing for public favor; at all times she maintained a stand against theatricalism, while she saw Sarah Bernhardt acclaimed for just

those things in art against which she made a determined stand. The pale gray of Duse's face, with the etching of time's lines upon it, was in strange contrast with the roseate youthfulness of Bernhardt's countenance, laid on with the deftness of the make-up artist. The restlessness of inward passion sounded in Duse's voice; in Bernhardt's, which made the most of set passages in Rostand's plays, rang the notes of romantic emotion. There was something stirring in the "divine Sarah" but it was not a pure emotion independent of externals. Bernhardt was theatrical; Duse was not. Bernhardt was an actress knowing the technic of external appeal. Duse was a creator whose technic was the perfection of an image.

With the breaking of one of the final links which gave us a hold on a distinct era in acting, we may be tempted to discount some of the real Duse by pigeon-holing her among the realists. But we are not likely for many a day to look upon such art again; for it was a beautiful expression that came from tragic experience, a ripened art which even her advancing years could not dim or make less vibrant. Her white hair, her frail body, the wraith of her beautiful hands which d'Annunzio wrote about in *La Gioconda*, the voice that trembled with a certain weakness, as though weary of living—all these outward evidences of the aging woman were veiled beneath a cloak of creative beauty. She did not select for this final tour the plays of her earlier triumph, like *Camille* or *Magda* or *Mrs. Tanqueray*. We recall Bernhardt, like a wounded soldier, playing the death scene of *Camille* with all the accessories of theatricalism to hide her crumbling body. She stirred one, but it was a trick that did it. Such an attempt was abhorrent to Eleonora Duse; she selected just those rôles which would have the least exaction on her physical being; but she gave generously of the inward part of her. Her gesture had the same rightness as in years gone by, her voice the same vibrancy, her walk the unerring index of an inward state. One did not look for accessories in Duse; when she came on the stage, there was something penetrating about her, nothing electric. We do not say that she abhorred the technic of her art. No one knew better than she what she was doing; art would not be art if there were not divine tricks about it which showed the surety of the artist. But the greatness of the actor's art is not merely dependent on a picturesque quality, as marked so much of the acting of the past. It is measured by the truthfulness of the conception and the simplicity by which that conception is kept right at every moment. At every moment Duse impressed one as being right in her art.

But, as someone has already suggested, there being nothing flamboyant about this actress, the memory of her may soon become gray in theatrical records. "Are we so soon forgot when we are gone?" She abhorred publicity. One recalls the d'Annunzio days when artist and poet were intimate, when *La Citta Morta* and Francesca *da Rimini* claimed his pen and her art. Duse told d'Annunzio about her early life, and he made use of it, against her will, in a book of his. Estrangement followed, and the actress retired. Now and again some poignant remark about the theatre would be made by her, but "La Duse," until 1921, was virtually in retreat. Then came the necessity of a livelihood, and it was this necessity which brought her to America last fall. One hears the voices of Shaw, Gordon Craig, Stanislavsky, and Walkeley in her praise, deploring that language has no other way of expressing "La Duse" than the word "spirit". Acting is an evanescent art; that is why the theatre needs the creative critic more than any other form of expression to prepetuate it. It is by such writing that the actor may hope to live for future generations. We have never heard of Duse's being filmed, as Bernhardt was. Her art was not the camera kind. And so we will fall back on what her contemporaries thought of her. And we shall find, as with Shaw, that she always—and we noticed it particularly in Ibsen's *The Lady from the Sea* and *Ghosts*—produced "the illusion of being infinite in variety of beautiful pose and motion. "The artistic world is the poorer through the loss of such an artist."

"John D." at 85

Mr. John D. Rockefeller, the American "Oil King," who is eighty-five years old to-day, is by no means the morose recluse he is sometimes thought to be. He once said that if he could not joke and tell stories he would have been dead forty years ago. His pet aversion is having his portrait taken.

"I wonder you don't get Sargent or some other artist to paint your portrait," a lady once suggested. "John D." smiled. "Oh, no, madam," he said. "That would never do. You see, I have never yet been *done in oil*, and I don't want to spoil the record."—*Westminster Gazette*

The Patriot's Future Work

BY ANNIE BESANT

(Reprinted from *Tomorrow*)

ALL the dependent countries in the civilised world are now coming to their own in these whirling days of hurrying changes. Some years ago, during the Great War, we used to open our daily paper with the question on our lips: "What throne has tumbled down since yesterday?" One after another the crowns and coronets fell off the heads of Kings and Princes, until the only throne that remained quite stable, that showed no sign of tottering, but became more loved, more deeply rooted, was the throne of Great Britain, that of our Emperor, George V. And the obvious reason was that the only thrones, except his own, founded on the goodwill and the liberty of the people and without violence in our own times, were those in Holland and in the three Scandinavian Kingdoms in northern Europe; the thrones of Italy, Spain and Turkey were the outcome of revolution, and the two first are not very steady yet; that of Belgium was unshaken in the loyalty of the people, but its occupant was driven out by the enemy. Revolution came down upon Europe like a raiding aeroplane, and the kingdoms were laid in ruins under its bombs.

The War over, the civilised Nations dependent on others began to inspect their own condition, and to aspire after Freedom. The partly civilised Arabs claimed their Independence, and are struggling after it now. Egypt claimed her Independence, and is being given a large measure of freedom, under the protecting shield of Great Britain. India is claiming her place among the Free Nations united by allegiance to the British Crown, and her claim is recognised as just, and she is being rapidly taken into the partnership, already admitted in principle. This change, founded in peace, by law and by mutual goodwill, is now proceeding, and with it come the new duties of the Patriot, both for adults and for the Youth of the land.

The Work of Patriots in the Future may be divided into the work of the Adult and of the Youth, including in the latter term all who are still in the status of pupils--whether graduates, as Law Students, or undergraduates. The work of the adult Patriot in the Immediate Future is to strive for the lifting of India to the position of a Free, Self-Governing Nation within the Commonwealth, the symbol of the unity of which is the British Crown. In such striving, he will co-operate with all who work for the same object, all on whose clear vision has dawned the great ideal of a union of Free Nations, of East and West, of colored and white Aryan Peoples, ringing the globe and preserving its peace. Such a union will be the model of a yet greater Federation, the Federation of all Nations who have reached the level of substituting co-operation for competition, arbitration for war, justice for force, law for the strong hand. But even that is work for the further, not the immediate, Future.

Thus the ideal of Co-operation with all, whether colored or white, Asian or European, who work for the ideal of a great Co-operative Crowned Commonwealth of Free Nations of Aryan blood, whether of the root-stock in India, or of its great offshoot of the British sub-race.

There are only two real parties in India to-day, Co-Operators and Non-Co-Operators; the first must, in every possible way consistent with India's dignity and self-respect, co-operate with all who, in just and righteous ways, advance as swiftly as possible—to borrow a phrase from the All-India Liberal Federation last Christmas—towards the establishment of the equal status of India in the Commonwealth. That is the goal. The method is work in the Councils, the Indian Assembly, and the Council of State, for the removal of grievances, especially of those that press upon the agricultural workers; the repeal of all laws which place the liberty and property of the subject at the will of the Executive, and deprive him of the protection of the Judiciary; the introduction of legislation for the uplift of the extra-caste population, by education, by decent housing, by opening up avenues of employment; of legislation for the benefit of industrial workers on the lines of the Washington Conference; and for the replacing of women in their old position by the removal of restrictions placed on them by Western or Western-inspired legislation. Such reforms and many others must be brought into the Councils, while Patriots outside popularise them among the people, and carry on the work of the political education of the electorates.

Needless to say that all this must be prefaced by the healing of the wounds caused by the Panjab tragedy, and must be accompanied by a full and careful examination into the economic position of

India, resulting in financial reforms which shall make possible her growth into material prosperity.

The second party is that of the Non-Co-Operators, some of whom openly desire the isolation of India as a completely independent country, and all of whom are being dragged in that direction by the movement of racial hatred which they inaugurated and are now powerless to control. Against this party, all true Patriots must battle, for India is in no position to maintain either political or economic independence; economically, two-thirds of her clothing comes from abroad, and she cannot suddenly supply that huge deficit; politically, she could only at the most overthrow the British by foreign invasion—a more than doubtful matter—and by then passing under the yoke of a new and savage master. Freedom does not lie along that road. Only by the thorough discrediting of a heterogeneous and thoughtless party can India be saved from the dire misery of mob rule and subsequent autocracy.

The Work of the Youthful Patriot in the Immediate Future is to prepare himself—herself is included—for his future as the citizen of a free country, on whose worth, wisdom, courage and piety, the destiny of that country depends. India is growing into a Free Nation; but a free Nation is a Nation responsible to itself. Already India is partly free and therefore partly responsible. To live up to that freedom and responsibility is the work of the present Adults, and they are making for themselves and for the Youths full freedom and full responsibility. The Youths, then, must prepare themselves for these. First, they must build up Character; they must be patriotic lovers of India, and to that end they must think of her and try to serve her; they must be pious, brave, courteous, truthful, upright, honorable, chivalrous, clean in thought, emotion and action, helpful, considerate, reverent, obedient to parents and teachers, who support and help them. Secondly, they must learn Self-Control, to be the masters not the servants of their desires, passions and emotions; these are their driving-force, as useful *and as dangerous*, as steam: sent into the right channel they move the whole machinery; sent into the wrong, they wreck it. Thirdly, they must build up Knowledge, later to be transmuted by the alchemy of Love into Wisdom. They must study, and study hard; the faculties of their minds are their tools, and these must be keen-edged, strong, piercing, obedient to their hand. They must feed their patriotism by study of Indian history, learning their Nation's traditions, customs, powers, weaknesses, her spirit and her genius. They must study her literature, which is her life-breath; they must study her religions, which are her life-blood, especially their own, not in a spirit of rivalry but of brotherhood; they must study the long story of her industry, her trade and her commerce, the laws of political economy and the circumstances which modify their applications. Some line of study will, as they grow, specially attract each, but they all need a broad basis of general knowledge. Lastly, they must take care of and strengthen the body, train it to be supple, alert and resistant, keen in observation, prompt in obedience to the mind, restrained in expression, hard, enduring, balanced; they must be simple in food, avoiding highly seasoned dishes and excess of sweets; they should play many games and gain accuracy of appropriate action, quick insight and obedience, subordination of personal distinction to efficiency of the team. Also they should learn dexterity of finger and adaptability, and some artistic handicraft. There is no better training for a manly character and obedient body than that of the Scout, boy or girl.

Such, roughly outlined, is the Work of the Youth; later, it will become specialised and vocational. But Education of body, emotions, mind, under the inspiration of the Spirit is the Work of Youth. Not action in the outer world is his. For that the time has not come. He is in the camp of Youth, a recruit for the National Army of Citizens. Not yet may he be a Lawyer, a Doctor, an Author, a Merchant, a Politician, an Agriculturalist, an Operative. He is an Apprentice in the School of Life, not yet even a Craftsman, much less a Master. The whole wide field of National Service lies before him, but he must be a trained man, not an incompetent, unskilled laborer. Actual service he may render in all ways requiring comparatively little skill or knowledge; Scouting will show him many ways, and he may teach those more ignorant than himself. But his great work is Preparation for Service, so that he may lay himself at the Feet of the Mother, an instrument worthy to be used by Her. Such is the glorious opportunity of Youth, its training for Freedom

Great Men As Humbugs

When Mr. Lloyd George and Bonar Law, in M. Clemenceau's presence, were having a slight disagreement about internal policy—some trifle like the buying-up of the Drink Trade by the Government—Mr. Lloyd George quoted Gladstone in his own support, declaring that Mr. Gladstone was a great man. Whereupon Bonar Law declared that Gladstone was a great humbug. M. Clemenceau embraced Mr. Lloyd George affectionately and said: 'All great men are great humbugs."—*Westminster Gazette*

Father Mornier

BY PRINCESS B. POUSHKIN

III

(*Concluded from p. 119*)

1600. In Paris. Seventeen long years had been borne away on the tide of time since the day when Father Mornier, in an ecstatic impulse, had sworn allegiance to Giordano Bruno. And time does brush the freshness and the brilliancy of our highest youthful aspirations, and they fall off one by one like the petals of a withering blossom. Father Mornier had dreamed away the first weeks after his interview with Bruno, feeding on the words then spoken. He tried to set up a correspondence with him, but getting no answer to his letters, he ceased to write. Then he undertook the task of finding in the Scriptures and the theological works the confirmation of Bruno's teachings. But the Scriptures would not yield their inner meaning without the key to their reading and that was not in the priest's possession; the theological books were dry and scholastic, and by and by they brought Father Mornier's mind insensibly back into the old orthodox grooves of thought. He had a strong will, but his intellectual powers and habits were not sufficiently developed to enable him to carry on, on his own account, a steady philosophical investigation. His nature was preponderatingly emotional. Bruno's eloquence and beautiful theories had set fire to it, and all that was noble and fresh in his nature had leapt forward in those youthful days in eager response to them. But the flame burned only as long as lasted the fuel that fed it. Bruno's books were scarce and difficult to get; he did not hear him speak any more, nor did he come into personal touch with him, and, little by little, the weight of previous education, the traditional earlier beliefs, the pressure of his profession quenched out the fire kindled by Bruno. It burnt lower and lower and finally went out.

The matter-of-fact, realistic conceptions of life and faith crept back into their old places in his heart, crowding out the ideals that were too new and unstable to turn them out for good. He began to consider Giordano Bruno not as a heretic—against that something lying deep down in his heart rose up in protest—but as a dreamer, perhaps dangerous for certain weak minds, one who preached things that would have been glorious if they could be true. Now he of his own accord imprisoned himself in a dungeon and barred the door against the radiant horizon outside it, refusing to see it, denying even its very existence.

Besides there was one thing that constituted one of the chief reasons of his changed attitude towards Giordano Bruno; it was the words said by him during the memorable interview: "What am I?—a runaway monk." They had stung him at the very moment when they were pronounced, but his enthusiasm had overborne the sting—for the time. Still they rankled in his mind. To his very loyal and honorable nature a vow, flung to the winds, affected him as an action falling beneath the standard of noble living, and this flaw in a matter of such capital importance in the man he had looked up to was to him as the snake coiled under a rose. And so we find him in his fortieth year, leading a well-to-do, respectable life, having drowned his youthful dreams in the humdrum existence of an average Catholic priest. Suddenly the news of the execution of Giordano Bruno, burnt to death on the Campo dei Fiori in Rome, fell on him like a thunderstroke. He heard the news in church from another priest who was serving Mass with him. At the moment all was a blank in his heart. He mechanically finished officiating, then went home, turned twice the key in the lock, and sat down at the window. He sat motionless for three hours. Two Angels—the Angel of Light and the Angel of Darkness—were waging desperate war in his heart. He assisted at it as an onlooker, not engaged in the struggle, but passionately interested in its issue.

"You see," insinuated the Angel of Darkness "he is now in the full prime of manhood, prosperous, respected by everybody, doing his duty by church and men. Would you have him ruin all that for the sake of a boyish freak not worth mentioning? He did not know what he was about at that time. He acted in blindness."

"No," retorted the Angel of Light with force; "he did know what he was about; his eyes were open precisely at the moment when he had cast himself at the feet of Giordano Bruno. Those moments are sacred to him. Look into his heart, and see how deeply they are buried in its innermost core. With him an oath is always an oath. By repudiating this one he will be a traitor to all that

was best and highest in him. 'With you in torture, in death'," reverently whispered the Angel of Light.

"Oh! now the world will laugh at him; how foolish and romantic for his age and solid station in life! Besides Bruno was burnt not for his teaching, but because he was a runaway monk. Did he keep his vows, I wonder?" sarcastically added the Angel of Darkness.

"It does not matter. Anyhow he has died for his ideas, and this man must keep his word."

Long lasted this strife. And it was extraordinary that both Angels drew the same pictures before the eyes of Father Mornier. Only the Angel of Darkness put right in front of him the picture of a happy, prosperous life, untainted by heresy; and beyond it rose the picture of the rack and the red-hot irons and the sharpened hooks; and the healthy, well-cared-for body of the priest writhed in rebellious horror at this sight.

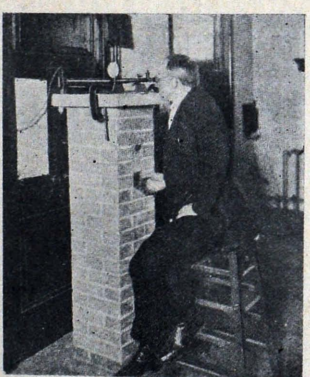
The Angel of Light also spread before him the picture of a respected, well-to-do life. Only it was based on the foul foundation of a broken oath, and was undermined by inner disgust at the outer prosperity gained at such a cost. And on this picture followed also that of the rack and the flames and the hooks; but the torture inflicted by them was illuminated by the triumph of the Spirit over the Flesh and was transmuted into a crown of glory and of bliss.

Father Mornier rose from his seat. The drama was over. Only its details had to be worked out. During the rest of the day and far into the night he put in order his papers, and wrote several letters. On the morrow, he went to the representatives of the Inquisition and declared that he, a priest of the Catholic Church, had known Giordano Bruno, and had held to his heresy. He was arrested and in a few days tried. But when questioned as to when he had last seen Giordano Bruno, whether he had held any communication with him, and whether he followed even now his views, he kept a resolute silence. The almighty Inquisition had to resort to torture in order to break the obstinacy of the priest. But the torture, the terrible torture, when the bones cracked in breaking and the flesh was rent in pieces, did not open his lips. Three days did the Inquisition do its best to conquer the priest's Spirit by tormenting his body. But all was useless. At the end of the third day, the body was flung, a heap of broken bones and bleeding wounds, into a dungeon. During the night Father Mornier regained consciousness. Life was fast ebbing away.

"With you in torture, in death," he faintly whispered, and with a blissful smile on his lips, he passed into another, less cruel world.

City Directory Works Automatically

To assist strangers in locating municipal buildings, railroad stations, or business houses, an automatic City Directory recently has been installed in Miami, Fla. The apparatus consists of a large map of the city and a printed list of buildings and stores. When the enquirer presses a button alongside the name of the firm or building he wishes to locate, a red light flashes the location on the map. A green light shows the present location of the person who presses the button. A white light shows where the street-car is to be taken in order to reach that destination and a blue light indicates a point of transfer.



LIGHTS POINT THE WAY WHEN A BUTTON IS PRESSED

The various places are listed under separate headings, such as Hotels, Depôts, Subways, and Stores, so that, by looking under its correct class heading, any place can readily be located.

Scouts As Peace Pioneers

Sir Robert Baden-Powell underlined the non-military character of the organisation... and said that the Germans are not yet admitted to the International Jamboree "because we found that their Boy Scouts were not working on the same lines as ours. They were using rifles, and our work is entirely non-military. They have now seen the error of their ways." He added that as soon as the German Scouts were reported to be on the same lines as the movement in the rest of the world, they would be invited to take part in these competitions.—*Manchester Guardian*

Ancient Stories for Indian Children

RUKMINI

CHAPTER I

The Girlhood of Rukmini

THERE once reigned in Vidarbha, a certain King, Bhishmaka by name. He was a just and wise ruler. All his subjects loved him. There was joy and prosperity in the land.

In course of time five sons and a daughter were born to him. They grew to be strong and handsome and were brought up, as befitted their rank. They all loved one another, much to the joy and delight of their parents.

The eldest of them all was called Rukmi. He was very much liked by his father, who never once crossed his will. His love for his sister, Rukmini, was intense.

Now, who was this Rukmini? She was the incarnation of Lakshmi, the wife of Vishnu. Whenever He descends upon this earth she also takes a human form and lives with Him. In the Treta Age, They both lived as Rama and Sita. It was Their plan that in the Dwapara Age they should live as Krishna and Rukmini.

Whenever God comes down to our world, it is not without a purpose. To punish the wicked, to protect the righteous and to restore the sovereignty of Dharma, such is the mission of the Lord. Each time His consort acts as an instrument to achieve His ends. As Sita, she brought about the destruction of Ravana and all his race, and now, as Rukmini, she was to do a similar thing.

Now to return to our story. Rukmini came to the age when she should be married. Sishupala, the Raja of Chedi, was the bridegroom selected by her loving brother. Arrangements were begun for the celebration of the marriage. The people were all busy decking their houses. The city of Kundinapur, put on a festive appearance.

There was one soul, however, that was never buoyant but sank under the weight of grief that overwhelmed it. And that soul was Rukmini. For, ever since she heard that she was to be united in wedlock to Sishupala, her mind had become anxious. She did not like him, a mean wretch and an avowed enemy of everything good and virtuous. Her heart was set upon Shri Krishna of Dwarka. Oft had she heard of Him from people who used to frequent her house. In beauty, valor and good qualities none could excel Him. He was worthy of her and she of Him. In her mind, therefore, she chose Him to be her husband.

Krishna, too, hearing of her beauty, gentleness and generosity wanted to marry her.

But her brother Rukmi, between whom and Krishna no love was lost, had settled the match otherwise. The marriage was to take place on the morrow. Rukmini gave way to despair. Then, thinking that Krishna might not know how things were, she quickly despatched a Brahmana messenger to Dwarka, His abode.

No sooner had the messenger received her letter than he hurried to Krishna's city. There he saw the Lord seated in splendor on the throne in His palace. Delighted at the sight of the holy Brahmana, He came down from His seat and received Him with due honor. Then, touching his feet with His hands, He spoke unto him thus:

"Holy Brahmana, does everything go well with you? Are the Brahmanas of your place living a pious, contented and virtuous life? Is your King rulinghis subjects justly and wisely? Please, let me know what brought you here at considerable risk to your person."

The Brahmana, struck by the humility and kindness of Krishna, praised Him and said: "Krishna, I am the messenger of Rukmini, the daughter of Bhishmaka, the King of Vidarbha. Please go through this letter and then do as you deem fit."

Krishna then read the letter and folded it up with a smile.

CHAPTER II

The Message of Rukmini

What were the contents of the letter that provoked Krishna's smile? In a way that cannot but evoke feelings of sympathy for her; she writes:

"Oh Krishna, I bow at Thy Lotus Feet. Hearing of Thy good qualities and beauty of form I have mentally chosen Thee as my Lord. I have come to the age when I should be married. Who of my age and status would not demand a husband of Thy type? In age, beauty and descent, Thou art my equal. Take me as Thy wife, O Lord. Let me not be wedded to that wicked Sishupala. It is not meet that a jackal eats what has been reserved for a lion.

To-morrow is my wedding day. Out of mercy to me come to me, kill Sishupala and his allies and marry me according to the Gandharva rites.

Perhaps you may think it impossible to take me away from the harem without killing its inmates. Here I may inform you that I will be at the temple of Gauri to worship, as has been the custom in my family. Then will be the time for you to take me away. I am already thin, having scarcely tasted food

for some time. I will surely kill myself unless you come and save me. Delay is dangerous in my case."

Needless to say that the letter was read with keen interest by Krishna. He was touched by her simplicity and sincere devotion to Himself. Looking at the Brahmana who seemed to be waiting for a reply, he said: "Holy man, kindly tell Rukmini that I have been spending sleepless nights, ever having her in my thoughts. I am no less sincere in my love of her. I know that Rukmi stands in the way of our union. I shall kill him and his allies and wed her."

Then he mounted His golden car and seating the Brahmana by his side proceeded to Kundinapur where he was received by Bhishmaka with all due ceremonies. Fearing friction also between Krishna and Sishupala, Balarama came to the city with a large retinue. Early on the morrow all ceremonies preliminary to the marriage on both sides were finished.

There was every likelihood of Rukmini being wedded to Sishupala. What could she do? Her mind became restless. Every moment she was awaiting the arrival of the Lord. Just then, good omens occurring, she took heart. The Brahmana whom she had sent to Krishna arrived bearing His Letter. He then informed her of Krishna's arrival and of His promise to marry her. Immensely pleased with the news that was like nectar to a dying man, she prostrated before the Brahmana as she had nothing to give him as a present.

Chapter III

Rukmini's Elopement and Marriage

Now the procession to the Temple of Gauri started. With grace Rukmini moved and at last stepped into it. Standing in the midst of elderly women who had accompanied her all the way, she prayed unto Gauri for the fulfilment of her desire.

Then returning thence, she entered the marriage hall. All the princes assembled were wondering at her beauty. Just then the Lord coming to her, placed her in His Car and with His brother Balarama, started for Dwarka.

The rage of Sishupala and his allies knew no bounds. Unable to brook the insult offered to them they put on their armor and pursued Krishna. A fight ensued. They were no match for the valiant Lord and were slain in large numbers. Sishupala, finding that he could not recover Rukmini, returned to his city, filled with rage and grief.

To return to Rukmi. He could not rest satisfied without taking Krishna's life. He collected a large army and attacked Him. He was, however, defeated and was on the point of being slain when Rukmini interceded on her brother's behalf and said: "Lord, do not, for my sake, kill my brother." Anxious to please his wife, He let him go free.

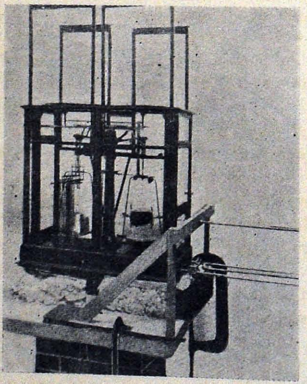
Dwarka was duly reached. There the marriage was celebrated in strict accordance with ceremonial rites. All the people of the city rejoiced exceedingly. Dwarka shone like another VAIKUNTHA.

Weighing of Precious Stones Supports Einstein

By S. R. Winters

The results obtained from weighing topaz and diamond crystals on a balance, sensitive enough to detect a variation in weight of one part in a billion, at the Bureau of Standards, tend to support the Einstein Theory of Relativity.

The Einstein Theory of Relativity, some what contrary to Newton's Law of Gravitation, disclaims that these crystals would vary in weight under any conditions. The conclusions of the scientific observations of Dr. Paul R. Heyl, a physicist of the Bureau of Standards, support the claims implied by the Einstein Theory. The topaz and diamond crystals did not evidence any variation in weight irrespective of their different placements in relation to the axis of the earth.



THE APPARATUS FOR THE WEIGHING OF PRECIOUS STONES

The balances on which these experiments were conducted are extremely sensitive—in fact, a variation of one part in a billion units would be faithfully reflected by them. This weighing apparatus is so delicate that it is enclosed in a small room, and weighing is done by remote control thus obviating the influence that would be exerted, on the balances from the heat radiating from the body of the operator. It was on these same balances that the signature of a President of the United States was weighed.

A Symposium of Scouting

AFRICA is a land of many mysteries. Even now, when the Europeans have penetrated into most of it, there are many things which they do not at all understand. One of these is the native belief in black magic, a magic which appears often to succeed, greatly to the European's astonishment, who puts this success down as due to hypnotism or some such phenomena equally unexplainable.

But what has impressed the European explorer perhaps more than anything else is the extraordinary rapidity of the native methods of communication. Without any visible system of messengers information is conveyed from tribe to tribe in West Africa with a speed exceeding that of the telephone. Information when sent by a white man in the interior to the authorities on the coast will often take days to reach its destination, though it appears to be sent by the most rapid method possible; yet the natives on the coast will know the contents of the message within a few hours of its despatch. The secret of this wonderful system is the *drum language*, which has completely puzzled Europeans until last year, when Captain Rattray of the Ashanti Civil Service unravelled the mystery.

It has been known for a long time that the natives were able to communicate with each other by means of drums. But they appeared to have no sort of code, nor could they have, as their languages have not been reduced to writing, except by Europeans. Yet when a white explorer is travelling, his advent is always passed on from village to village along his route by means of the drum language, so that the head men of each village are always waiting to receive him, if they are friendly.

Captain Rattray has found that the drums really take the place of human voices. Two drums are used, one of high pitch and one of low, and they can be beaten in various ways, quickly, slowly, softly, loudly, etc. It has been found that each of these ways of beating the drums is the indication of a certain syllable of the language. Of course all syllables cannot be expressed in this way, it is rather the *nature* of the syllable that is transmitted. A crude example would be that of the word "Paper" in English. This would be represented by the drum signs for a long but sharp syllable followed by a weak one. The word "Railway," on the other hand, would be represented by the signals for two long and equally-stressed syllables.

The language thus formed is exceedingly difficult to interpret, but by degrees common words become familiar, and certain set messages become stereotyped. It is also easier if you know the messenger next to you and are familar with his way of beating and his method of expression. Thus all over West Africa there were certain recognised messages which could be drummed from tribe to tribe and understood everywhere, but when any drummer tried to drum a completely new or strange message its transmission was doubtful.

Sir Robert Baden-Powell has had the idea of adapting the drum language to the Morse code, feeling that this was one of the characteristics of native life which certainly should be incorporated in the Boy Scout Movement, a movement which has adopted many things from the children of nature. This has now been done, with the assistance of Captain Rattray, and the first message transmitted by the "talking drum" in England has been sent by the Boy Scouts to Sir Robert Baden-Powell. The message was addressed to the "Big Hat Chief," which is the English translation of Sir Robert's Ashanti name, "Kantake," and also to Sir George and Lady Guggisberg, the Governor of the Gold Coast and his wife, who gave much assistance for these experiments.

"Both the sender and the receiver of the message were in ignorance of its contents until they began to work on it. The sender was a Rover Scout, Hugo, and the receiver Scout read it from the distant drum beats with a few trifling errors and omissions due to a roaring aeroplane overhead and to motor-lorries changing gears and backing in an adjacent railway yard."

"The Scout Movement has produced and delighted in many devices for using the lore of primitive people, but this is one of the most interesting and exciting ever brought into the life of the boys. How Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer would have liked to communicate by the Ashanti drum language!"

—*Manchester Guardian*

Acknowledgment: We have received a copy of the Report of Poona ANATH VIDYARTHI GRIHA (Poor Students Home) and VIEW BOOK, which is an account of progress from very a small beginning. Poor students are maintained and trained from a vernacular school standard to higher studies, so that some of them have been able to go to foreign countries for still higher studies. The VIEW BOOK gives an idea of the actual work done which covers branches like cooking, gardening to carpentry, medicine and music. The Home is in need of funds, and we have no hesitation in saying that it is fully worthy of the help of any well-wisher of this country.

We have also received from Dr. Sri Ram, Kashmir, useful leflets on Health and Hygiene—some of them of quite practical value.

How a Great Newspaper is Produced

A DAY AND NIGHT IN THE OFFICE OF *The Daily Express*

(From *The Modern English Illustrated Dictionary*)

TWO o'clock in the morning. The world asleep. London, with its seven million inhabitants, as quiet as the prairie. Endless miles of streets without a sound—Niagara frozen for the night. The solitary bark of a dog, instead of the rumble of a world in motion. A footfall—eerie. It is like the silence of the ending of the world.

In the midst of this City of Silence comes a murmur of renewing life. It rises as from a cavern in the ground. Here is activity, and activity at its liveliest urge. The murmur swells gradually to a roar. From this cavern in the heart of London a subterranean cataract, with incredible velocity, pours out. It is the cataract of the world's news, poured out in print.

Here is the wonder that never ceases to astonish even those that witness its new birth day by day. The ends of the world have yielded their secrets. Continents and oceans have flashed their news. A thousand streams have met, and formed the wide river of information that in a few hours will cover the land. Events, of which the sleeping world knows nothing, have taken place, have been described, have passed into the record of print. A great London newspaper is once more "out". Veritable torrents of copies of *The Daily Express* whirl from the machines. Magic—with clock-work regularity every twenty-four hours.

The giant printing machines greet the dawn with their thunder. They perform a prodigy—the printing of a thousand miles of *Daily Express* in a few short hours.

The production of a great newspaper like *The Daily Express* is the outcome of foresight, initiative, and the careful organisation of material and of men. It involves the co-ordination of a myriad of minds, the employment of the newest mechanical devices, the installation of the most wonderful printing machinery in the world, and a business office with the perfect organisation of a banking-house.

The Daily Express news organisation encircles the globe. Its watch-towers are in every land. Its army of correspondents scans the world for news from every vantage-point. The stream of news never ceases, day or night.

The telephone plays a continually growing part in the transmission of news to *The Daily Ex ress.* Its area extends. The story of the Allied Conferences at Spa, Genoa, Geneva, and elsewhere has often come to the Editorial Office late at night, when every moment counts, by word of mouth, over the telephone. The news always finds its way.

Events of outstanding interest call for special description or report, and the "Special Correspondent" is dispatched to any quarter of the world where such events promise, or threaten, to occur. At the first breath of a crisis in Constantinople, in Athens, in Palestine, in Moscow, or in the Ruhr, a Special Correspondent is either on the spot or flies there on the wings of the morning—or of the afternoon or night.

The front door of No. 8, Shoe Lane, has never been closed. The work of the great newspaper office is more continuous than that of a sliding stair-case. It never stops. "You turn on all the taps," it has been said, "and keep them running day and night." Where one part of the process finishes, another begins, or the two overlap.

The day's work may be said to begin in the forenoon. Various staffs assemble, and their operations for the day are planned. The "News Staff" takes duty in two detachments, early and late, in order to cover all the news "stories" of the day as they develop or crop up. The staff numbers both men and women. The News Editor is their immediate chief. It is his business to "divine" news stories before they are visible to the naked eye, to dispatch Special Correspondents to all points of the compass, to telegraph orders to correspondents for news that does not call for the services of a "special" man—in a word, to cover the news of the day.

Within half an hour of the News Editor's arrival in the morning, members of the News staff may be on their way to the four quarters of the land—one to the coal valleys of Wales, another to a sleepy hollow in the Shires, another to Lancashire, another to Dover or the North-East coast.

While the early News Staff scatters, fresh news clues come in. Hour by hour the tape-machines keep up an intermittent fire of news items from home or abroad. The news may come from the City, from the North-West Frontier, from a Sussex hamlet or the China Sea; whatever its source, it may call for a "home" news story, apart from the story that may come perhaps from the other side of the world.

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The entire establishment is under the eye of the Editor-in-Chief. Acting under him and in charge of all the Editorial Department is the Managing Editor, the Chief of Staff.

The forenoon sees many departments busy. Special articles for the "Leader" page have to be selected, or ordered, or written. They are of infinite variety. They may deal with almost any topic under the sun—or in the sun. They may depend upon special knowledge or literary merit, or the personal interest that attaches to the writer. They always form a striking feature of the paper.

The literary, theatrical, musical, and "film" critics plan their campaigns. The Social Diary of the Day is provided for. The next instalment of the Serial Story is brought forward.

Three other great divisions of the newspaper are at the same time handled by their special staffs—the City, the Woman's Page and Sport.

By midday the various staffs are deployed for the attack on the day's news of every description, and in the afternoon the heads of the sections meet for the Conference. Here, with the Managing Editor in the chair, a "schedule" of all the main features of the known news, with the list of special articles, is gone through and discussed, the new value of the various "stories" is estimated, and the main outline is suggested for the paper that will be put together during the night and printed in the early hours. The number of pages that the paper will contain is made known, the available space for the several kinds of news is calculated. Subjects for leading articles are announced.

Before the Conference is over, the work of the night staff has begun, in a room large enough for a ball-room, with pneumatic tubes to deliver "copy" to the printers, tape-machines that reel off news from news agencies, and telephones that can bring news from the Continent or any part of the kingdom. The night staff camps in three divisions, dealing with home, foreign, and sporting affairs.

Here the Night Editor is in command, under a perfect system of control from the Editor-in-Chief, through the Managing Editor, and thence by way of the various departments. The Night Editor decides the degree of prominence and space that shall be given to the main features of the news, and how the news shall be distributed among the various pages. He begins with a set of blank "dummy" pages before him, and hour by hour plans the exact place and size of all the main news stories for every page. As each page becomes due to be "made up" of the set type in the composing-room, the "dummy" passes upstairs to the "Maker-up," who sees the Night Editor's plans are carried out.

(To be concluded)

A Home-made Wind

BY TIM WILSON

All districts have their special peculiarities, but the Lake District alone creates hurricanes purely for its own consumption. These hurricanes are known as "Helm Winds" because of the long cloud, which hangs like a cap over the scenes of their wrath.

The first stage in the manufacture of these distinctive winds takes place upon the moors of Durban and Northumberland. The winds blowing from the German Ocean have to journey across some thirty odd miles of unbroken waste of spongy, boggy upland, and consequently cool rapidly before reaching the western ramparts of the Pennine ridge.

Here the warm breezes of the west are encountered, and the conflicting temperatures cause a rare confusion, the centre of which is Crossfell, the highest peak in the Pennines.

Out of the hurly-burly, as its product a ready-made Helm Wind rushes down upon the western slopes of the Eden Valley, bounds up skyward from the impact, and then, with unrestrained rage and doubled force, plunges into the valleys of the Lakeland.

Such is the fury of the Helm that pedestrians and cyclists are compelled to crouch under the lee of a wall for shelter. The surfaces of the lakes are hidden beneath clouds of spray; occasionally the gale, in its violent and spasmodic rushes, scoops up tons of water into the air and dashes it in glittering clouds across the roads running along the lakeside. At other times the waves are scattered far and wide amid the woods on the shore.

The brightness of the sky, the brilliancy of the sunshine, the blueness of the lake, immensely heighten the effect.

And during all this time the rest of the kingdom may be wrapped in a profound calm.

Daily News (London)

Mars

BY STAR-GAZER

MARS is probably the most interesting of all the planets, and we know far more about it than about any other. It is the planet nearest to us on the side away from the sun, and, in consequence, when it approaches us closely the sun fully illuminates it, whereas when Venus is close to us we cannot see anything because the sun is beyond it and so the planet appears dark.

Mars has a diameter about one half that of the earth, so it is much smaller than our world. The force of gravity is, therefore, also less, so that if a man who can jump five feet high on the earth be transported to Mars, he would be able to jump at least twenty-five feet there, with the same muscles. The Martian day is a little longer than that of the earth, and it takes 687 days to revolve round the sun. Like the earth, Mars is enveloped in an atmosphere of appreciable extent and density, but this atmosphere is much clearer and thinner than ours. Compared with our cloud-laden planet Mars may well be described as a planet of blue skies and bright sunshine.

The Martian surface has been carefully scrutinised and charted for the past two hundred years. The most prominent features are the two white caps of snow at the North and the South Poles. These appear to decrease in size in the Martian summer and to increase in the winter, the snow and ice melting in the summer. The rest of the surface of the globe is divided into areas of green and ruddy hues, representing vegetation and desert respectively. But the most interesting feature of the planet is furnished by the so-called canals, first discovered by the Italian astronomer, Schiaparelli, in 1877, forming a net-work all over the planet. These canals are well defined markings, always running in straight lines or slight but regular curves, with large spots or "oases" at many places where the canals meet. The canals were believed by Schiaparelli and many modern astronomers to be water-ways lined with vegetation. It is these water-ways that carry the water from the melting snow caps all over the surface of Mars in summer, for the planet is extremely dry and probably has no rain, the water being supplied solely by the caps of snow at the Poles. This theory of the water-ways has been confirmed by many circumstances. Thus many of the canals entirely disappear in winter, which shows that the vegetation along them is dead, since there is no water. The same canals can be traced gradually becoming green from the Poles downwards in summer, which indicates that the water is gradually making its way along them, and the vegetation recovers. Moreover, several of the large spots, or oases, are situated in the midst of great ruddy desert areas, but large canals supply them with water, going straight across the deserts until they meet together from many different directions. The geometrical plan of the canals is extraordinary.

Their artificial origin is almost incontestible, though some attempts have been made by sceptics to explain them away as being furrows caused by the wind. But all reasonable people will believe in their artificial origin.

The question arises, who made these canals? What sort of beings are there on Mars? The creatures who made the canals must evidently be highly advanced in intellect. This problem has given rise to all sorts of stories concerning Mars. Edgar Rice Burroughs' romances are the latest, but the imaginative writers of the last hundred years have nearly all turned their attention to this planet.

The orbit of Mars in its journey about the sun is considerably flatter than ours, and in consequence its distance from us varies very much. It happens that in August this year it will be closer to us than it has been for a long time, it will only be 35,000,000 miles away, and will be very suitably situated for investigation. Great preparations are being made by astronomers for the occasion. The most interesting of these is the expedition of several American astronomers with M. Camille Flammarion to Bolivia, in South America, where a mine-shaft has been discovered at Chanaral, which will point directly towards Mars five times in the coming period of close approach. This mine-shaft is a thousand feet deep. At the bottom of it the astronomers are placing a huge revolving bowl of mercury. As the bowl revolves the mercury will assume a concave shape, and will thus form a mirror, but in order that there may not be ripples on the surface of the liquid the bowl has to be rotated by magnets. This mirror will be about the largest ever used in astronomical work. Several new ideas and inventions are combined in it. At the focus of the mirror a camera will be placed, which will take photographs as Mars passes overhead. Since Mars will pass extremely quickly, no ordinary plates could be used, they would be too

slow, but Dr. J. A. Anderson, of the Mount Wilson Observatory, California, has invented an apparatus operated by revolving mirrors, which can take a photograph with an exposure of one ten millionth of a second.

Former telescopes have brought Mars to within fifty miles of the earth. The new telescope at Chanaral will bring it to within two or three miles. With this huge magnification we should be able to see creatures on Mars, towns, if there are any, and human beings. And since Mars will pass overhead five times, there will be an opportunity to correct any mistakes and still get good results. But there is one contingency which cannot be guarded against. There is no guarantee whatever as to what part of Mars the telescope is going to hit! It may happen to land on a desert, or on the Pole, or on a town. We shall have to wait and see.

Mysterious and powerful rays have been coming to earth, from some unknown source in the Milky Way, says a story from Berlin. These rays have been investigated carefully by a German scientist, who took measurements of their direction and intensity and who reported his findings to the Berlin Academy of Science. The nature of the rays was unknown, but perhaps Mars was trying to communicate with us.

High up on the snow-clad peaks of the Jungfrau, 14,000 feet up in the Alps, scientists will try to signal to Mars in August. A powerful lens will be used, and the snow-covered surface of the Alps will act as a powerful reflector of the rays. Astronomers will carefully watch through high-powered telescopes to note any signs of activity on Mars as an indication that the signals have been received there. Not once, but many times, will the signals be repeated in the hope of attracting the Martians' attention. Other instruments of a highly scientific nature will be used, and it is probable that among these will be a radio station capable of sending messages millions of miles into space.

Marconi, several years ago, startled the world by the announcement that he had picked up radio waves broadcast on a 150,000 metre wave length, and that they might have originated from Mars. There is no radio station on this earth capable of sending on greater than a fraction of this length. A special receiving apparatus has been constructed for it.

It has been suggested that even if we could establish communication with the Martians little could be accomplished, since their language is in all probability entirely different from anything known on earth. Experiences of code experts during the World War have convinced scientists, however, that this would present but a minor difficulty, since these experts have been able to solve any code that has ever been evolved.

Radio photography is now possible, and it has been pointed out that it might be possible for us to exchange radio pictures with the Martians and thus be able to see what kind of person there is on the mysterious planet of canals.

If communication can be established with the planet, it is quite likely that scientific knowledge will be advanced hundreds and possibly thousands of years. It is possible that much of the travail and trouble on earth may be removed; that an hour a day may be sufficient to perform the work of the world, leaving the balance of the time for the improvement of the mind and the pursuit of happiness.
—From *Popular Science Siftings*, April, 1924

"Some" Circulation

Through the courtesy of the ten largest magazines in the United States, which furnished the average paid circulation in each State for a six months' period, Professor Ward G. Reeder has been able to secure figures as to which States read the most. The magazines, with their paid circulations for the six-months' period ending December 31, 1922, were as follows: *The Saturday Evening Post* (2,100,098), *The Ladies Home Journal* (1,799,002), *The Pictorial Review* (1,765,430), *The American Magazine* (1,604,433), *The Woman's Home Companion* (1,467,509), *The Cosmopolitan* (983,390), *The Literary Digest* (900,000), *The Country Gentleman* (764,700), *The National Geographic Magazine* (734,284), and *The Red Book Magazine* (733,576)- The range of interests covered by these magazines is almost a guarantee of the reliability of the figures which show that the Pacific States (California, Oregon, and Washington) outclass all other groups by a large percentage. Curiously and confirmatively enough the Pacific group not only maintains the highest rank on the average of the ten magazines, but on only two of the magazines (*The Woman's Home Companion* and *The Country Gentleman*) does it lose first place, and on these two magazines it ranks second. Second in reading avidity comes New England, then the mountain States, then the North Central States, the Middle Atlantic, the South Atlantic, and the East-South Central States in turn. The difference in percentage between the last group (Alabama, Kentucky, Mississippi and Tennessee) and the first is such that the percentage for California, Oregon and Washington is nearly five times that of the latter.

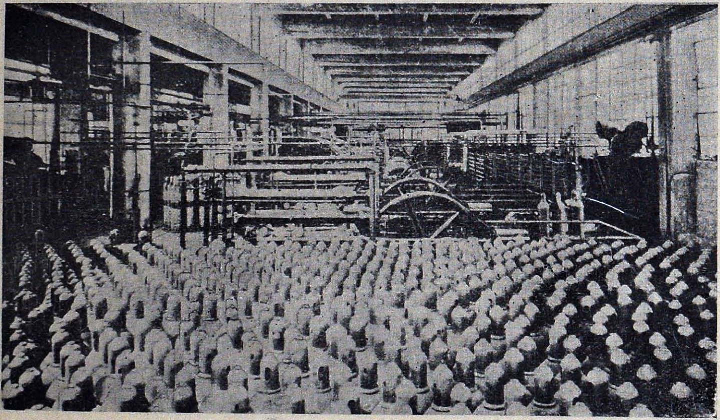
The Editors of *The Young Citizen* are free to confess that their editorial mouths water, for *The Young Citizen's* circulation is not yet on a level even with the circulation of *The Red Book Magazine*!

Helium

BY CHARLES FITZHUGH TALMAN

THIRTY years ago the nearest known specimen of the gas with which we are now filling airships was in the atmosphere of the sun, ninety-two million miles away from Lakehurst. The name "helium" (from *helios*, the sun) commemorates the discovery of this gas in the year 1868, during a total eclipse, when the spectroscope, then a new adjunct of astronomical research, was turned for the first time upon the ruddy fringe around the solar disk known as the "chromosphere". Later many stars were found to be rich in it, but no trace was known on earth.

In 1895, Sir William Ramsay brought helium nearer home by discovering a little of it in the mineral cleveite. Other discoveries followed thick and fast. Humanity had, it appeared, been breathing helium from the beginning of time, for it is present



in air, though only in the minute proportion of one part in 185,000. Other terrestrial sources of helium were located, but it remained a chemical rarity. Before the year 1918 probably not more than 100 cubic feet of the gas had been produced in the whole world, although it was already in active demand because of interesting things chemists were doing with it in the laboratory. Six years ago helium cost about $2,000 a cubic foot; at which rate the amount the Navy recently fed into the airship *Shenandoah* at the Lakehurst hangar would have been worth upwards of four billion dollars.

Here are some interesting facts about helium, ascertained while it was still a scarce commodity.

Next to hydrogen it is the lightest substance known. It conducts an electric current better than any other gas except neon. Chemically, it is so inert that it will combine with no other element. Strangest fact of all—it does not begin its life as helium, but is produced by the breaking up of radioactive substances; slowly from uranium, very rapidly from radium.

In July, 1908, came the thrilling announcement that Professor Kamerlingh Onnes, of the University of Leyden, already famous for his feats in liquefying other atmospheric gases, had produced liquid helium, at a temperature of 452° below zero Fahrenheit. To this day it has never been frozen solid.

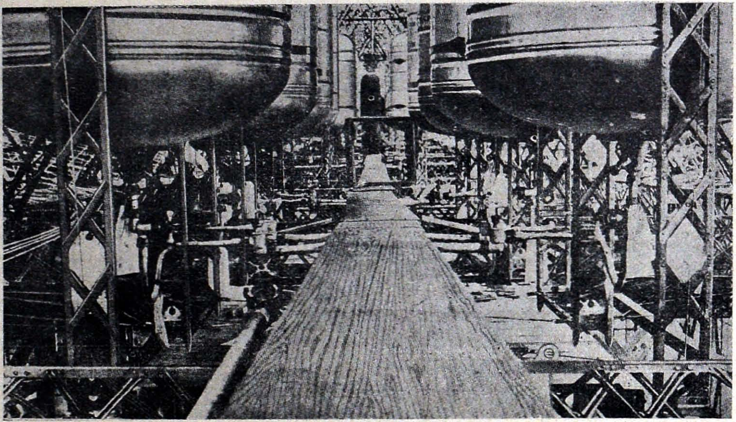
Then came the War. Unlike certain other gases, helium did not figure in the War news. Behind the scenes chemists were busy finding a military use for it, but helium never appeared upon the stage. A substitute was sought for the dangerously inflammable and explosive gas hydrogen, used in filling balloons. Helium was suggested. Though twice as heavy as hydrogen, both substances are so light in comparison with air that helium has 93 per cent as much lifting force as the lighter gas. The slight difference in buoyance is offset by the fact that helium does not diffuse nearly so rapidly through a balloon fabric as does hydrogen.

As early as the year 1907 rather large percentages of helium had been reported in natural gas from certaim fields in this country: a fact not then considered of practical importance. In 1918, two experimental plants for extracting helium from natural gas were erected in Canada and three in Texas. The latter were camouflaged under the name of "argon" plants, and their real purpose was not disclosed until after the War. The

Armistice came befor the output of these plants could be used.

The present situation is this:

So far as we know, the United States has a monopoly of natural gas fields that yield enough helium (from 0·5 to 2 per cent of the gas) to be worth extraction. Our few promising fields have been located, and at the present session of Congress legislation ought to be enacted to conserve their output. The Government now has a single largest helium production plant, at Fort Worth, Texas, designed to produce 1,000,000 cubic feet of helium a month. The method of extraction was evolved from the process of making liquid air. The other constituents of natural gas are liquefield at low temperature, the helium remaining gaseous. Improvements in the process are expected to reduce the cost of production from 10 cents a cubic foot, the present figure, to 3 cents.



It will still be more than ten times as costly as hydrogen. Whether, at this price, the Government is justified in using two million cubic feet of it to fill the *Shenandoah*, in place of perilous hydrogen, depends upon the valuation placed upon the lives of the two score gallant sailors who are bent upon exploring polar wastes from the air.

Canada's Greatest Men

A selection of the ten greatest living Canadians has just been made by vote of its readers by the *Maple Leaf* magazine, organ of the Canadian Clubs of Canada.

Dr. Banting, discoverer of Insulin, is placed at the top of the list. Nearly all of the ten chosen are in some form of public service. Second on the list is Briss Carman, the poet; next comes Sir Arthur Currie, principal of McGill University and former Commander of the Canadian Corps in the Great War. E. W. Beatty, President of the Canadian Pacific Railway, is fourth, and Sir Robert Borden, Premier of Canada during the War, is fifth. Then come Premier Mackenzie King, Rt. Hon. W. S. Fielding (Minister of Finance), Rev. C. W. Gordon (known to the reading world as Ralph Connor, the novelist as well as a distinguished Presbyterian clergyman in Winnipeg), Sir Gilbert Parker (the novelist of French Canada, but for some years a resident of England), and, lastly, Dr. J. J. R. Macleod (Professor of Physiology at the University of Toronto, associated with Dr. Banting in the Insulin researches and recipient with him of a Nobel Prize).

The second ten were as follows:—Sir Adam Beck (Head of Ontario's Hydro Electric Development with its $230,000,000 investment), Charles G. D. Roberts (the writer), Canon F. G. Scott (the most beloved chaplain in the Canadian Army in France), Rt. Hon. P. C. Larkin (Canadian High Commissioner in London), Rt. Hon. Arthur Meighen (Leader of the Conservative Party), Rt. Hon. Sir George E. Foster (veteran of the Canadian Commons), Hon. N. W. Rowell, K. C. (President of the Privy Council during the War), Stephen Leacock (humorist and economist), Edward Johnson (Grand Opera star), and Mme. Albani. This group contains four eminent in politics, three in literature, and two singers. All parts of the country are represented in the favorites, but of the first ten two are Nova Scotians by birth, one a new Brunswicker, one was born in Scotland, and six in Ontario.

The Squirrel

By G. G. Desmond

I GET conflicting reports about squirrels in England. One says that the ugly grey American squirrel is becoming excessively common, driving out the pretty red English squirrel, and showing itself a far greater nuisance than the red one was ever alleged to be. Another says that where the pretty grey American squirrel has been introduced the red one has attacked it and driven it out, which (says this informant) is a great pity, for, whereas the red squirrel is a shy, stand-offish, misanthropic creature the grey is very trustful of man, and has a thousand endearing tricks and familiarities.

The squirrel, of whatever color, is a very faun, the incarnate spirit of the woods, not only ready to meet the advances of man, but eager to attract his attention, curious to the last degree about all his doings, and willing to make man as much his play-thing as any beech or ash. A third informant about squirrels tells me of how they (the red ones) clambered into her garden from the wood, learnt to come to the window for nuts when called each by its name, and foraged into bedrooms so early in the morning and at so many other inconvenient times that they had to be driven away. A long era of persecution has so driven away the average squirrel in the average wood that he hastens to put a big branch between himself and the danger as soon as it comes within a few hundred yards. But, unseen, he watches every movement of the foe as though always expecting the white flag of peace, to which he certainly responds with uncommon quickness when, on rare occasions, it is waved.

The lonely person reading in the wood, or the artist making a picture of some venerable bole, is certain to be closely invaded by the squirrels of the place, even though, many times, he is unconscious of the honor. The easel is so unlike a gun, the attention paid to the old oak so unlike the watching of a burrow for some unhappy animal, and sketching is so curiosity-provoking an occupation that there is no squirrel born that will not come down and investigate. We don't know what other creatures come stealthily round to see as much as can safely be seen. The jay draws quietly near, then gives a most insolent squawk, warning the whole wood of the noxiousness of the artist, and flies away. The hare, perhaps, looks for a moment, then puts a mile between herself and the danger. But the squirrel comes nearer and nearer and nearer, and is impatient at our unawareness of his presence.

A Game of Peep-Bo

He coughs to let us know that he is there. He delights to get up high in the tree we are sitting under and to drop acorns or broken twigs upon us. And he will come lower and lower. One of us has leaned quietly against a tree even in a wood where keepers shoot every squirrel they can see and, after a while, a squirrel has run down the trunk and down the whole length of our body to the ground. He must have known we were no part of his old familiar tree. He was elaborately pretending not to know, just to see how far he could go without making us take notice of him. If there are two squirrels handy they will begin "showing off," just like two boys swanking before some grown stranger. They will get up a game of follow-my-leader to show what wonderful climbers and jumpers they are, run a race towards us as though fully determined to run right over us, become suddenly astonished at our presence, and in a dozen ways make it clear that they are prepared to adopt a new play-fellow or make a new acquaintance to pass the time pleasantly.

I have not studied the grey squirrel except in Regent's Park. There he seems to me too familiar, too commercial, for my taste. He certainly seems to be a pushing animal, more likely to oust the red squirrel than to give way to him. Yet that does not seem to be his character everywhere. In America, the red and the grey live side by side. In his latest book, *Bannertail: The Story of a Grey Squirrel* (Hodder and Stoughton, 8s. 6d.), Mr. Thompson Seton calls the red squirrel "the scold of the woods". "Flouncing over the plumy boughs, it came, chattering, 'Squat, squat, quit, quit, quit—git, git, git,' and each moment seemed more inclined to make a tooth-and-nail attack on Bannertail." And Bannertail, though bigger and stronger, yields and retreats, closely pursued by the little red terror, working himself up into an ever noisier rage as the intruder draws off.

No doubt a sense of the rights of ownership gives the red one courage when the American begins to invade his British domain. But the grey is soon throwing his scores into the field. His meekness is elastic and he comes again in a dozen places even while he retreats in one. The American is constantly bringing up a new family, while the British has got into the prudent habit,

taught by experience of a more risky climate, of rarely bringing up two litters in a year. In our woods, the red squirrel produces its young in the month of May. The mother furnishes one of the pair's numerous nests, very comfortably, with silky shavings of the inner bark of sycamore and other luxurious stuff, and there the most exquisite babies are brought up.

Exquisite Nerves

The first little squirrel I tried to bring up in the house I took warm from one of these nests, not many days before it would have run forth. It was entirely familiar, loving to nestle inside my coat and even inside the shirt, and treating me in all ways as though I were an uncommonly warm and comfortable tree. It did not survive the complaint of infancy. Another year I tried one that could not have been out of the nest many hours. But it had already learnt the lesson of freedom. It bit me nearly to the bone when I caught it, and would have nothing to do with me, though I tried all sorts of kindness. Perhaps if we had kept it in one room and had the patience to sit there till it made its own advances, it would have gone from boldness to boldness till it had become tame as a park squirrel. The first advance had been one of force, and its pride was up. Its mother's shout of horror when I had caught it still rang in its ears, and the desire to get as far away from me as it could was the only one it understood.

I have known lots of captive squirrels, when given the liberty of a room, as friendly as kittens and ten times more interesting, but I do not think the domestication of any of them began after the mother had led them forth from the nest. This active little animal has a brain and a nervous organism of extraordinary fineness. If its courage or its dignity—we might almost say, its sense of justice—is upset, it is thrown into a state bordering on catalepsy, and may often completely enter that state. So the squirrel is accused of the cleverness of escaping overwhelming danger by shamming death.

No Squirrels, no Nuts?

There is one difference of habit between our old and our new squirrel that may have great importance. Those who watch our playmates in Regent's Park, when autumn is coming on, will see them putting away nuts for future digging up when winter is with us. There is no definite cupboard in which each animal lays up a hoard. In so far as our squirrel has come to that, it has surely shown an advance in civilisation over the grey. The American digs a hole in the ground for each nut. Mr. Seton says that the nut is first rolled in the mouth to mark it with the scent of the owner, as a warning to other squirrels and a guide when the time comes to dig up the deposit. Then it is buried arm-deep (squirrel-arm deep), well covered in, and stamped down, and somewhere else another hole is dug for another nut. It is amusing to watch our Regent's Park squirrels at this game, especially when idle, dishonest ones watch the deposit and try to dig it up when the irascible owner's back is turned. You would not, perhaps, draw any great economic moral from it, even if you could see side by side with it a red squirrel taking every nut it could gather to one dry cupboard in a hollow tree. Mr. Seton asserts that the walnut can only grow when thus planted, and that there is no agency in the wild for so planting it but the grey squirrel. "This is the hickory's age-old compact with the grey squirrel." The millions of splendid timber trees of an American forest would not be there if it were not for this special digging habit of the grey squirrel. "No squirrels, no nut-trees."

—*The New Leader*

Mid-Ocean Wireless Call to Doctor

Last year, whilst on a voyage to South America, between S. Vincent (C. V.) and Pernambuco, Captain Nicholson, R. D., R. N. R., Commander of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company's *Avon*, received an urgent wirelese message from the Captain of the s. s. *Trevethoe* stating that one of his firemen was seriously ill, and asked if the surgeon of the *Avon* could come on board and attend him if the two ships met. They were then about eighty miles apart, and it was arranged that they would be close to one another about five o'clock the same evening.

Shortly after five the two ships were half-a-mile apart, both stopped, and the lifeboat of the *Avon* was launched. Dr. Peters, the ship's surgeon; and Dr. Posada, the Spanish surgeon, were on board, all hands in the boat having their lifebelts on. Arriving alongside the s. s. *Trevethoe* the two doctors climbed up what is known as a "monkey ladder" to reach the deck, where they were met by the Captain. The sick man was lying in his bunk in the forecastle, and by the aid of an electric torch he was carefully examined by the two doctors, who found him suffering from a serious injury due to a fall in the stokehold. His injury was attended to, directions were given as to further treatment, and the Captain was advised to land him at S. Vincent, the nearest port.

The lifeboat was then rowed back to the *Avon*, and thus ended an episode of the sea which was only rendered possible by the use of wireless.

Philemon

BY K. F. STUART, F. T. S.

ONCE upon a time, long, long ago, there lived a very wise and holy priest called Philemon. Famous was he far and wide for his prayers and for his piety. He dwelt alone. He suffered no one to come near him. He cut himself off from the world that he might enter into Heaven. Night and day he fasted and prayed, striving to become holier and purer. One day the people of a neighboring city, hearing such tales of his great holiness, rose up with one accord. The sick, the lame, the halt, the blind, the heart-broken, the sinful, the poor and mean and wretched, they arose with one accord and said: "We will go to this great and holy man, we will beseech him to have pity on our great misery. We will entreat him to come forth, and lay his hands upon us, and speak comfort unto us. We will implore him to pray for us; surely, the prayers of so righteous a man must needs be heard." So they rose up, and came and stood before the house and wept, and prayed Philemon to come forth; but he would not come. They would take no denial; they refused to depart; they waited and wept and called, until at last he came out to them. He was furious at their intrusion: "How dared you come?" he demanded. "How dared you come and disturb my prayers, and distract my thoughts, and break in upon my holy visions? Begone—all of you. As for your sorrows and your sicknesses, your sins have brought them on you. Ye have well deserved them." And with that he drove them forth.

And the people returned, uncomforted, and muttering curses under their breath. But Philemon, fearing that they would return, left his abode and took a long journey right into the heart of a dense forest. There he built for himself a little hut, and there he prayed and fasted and meditated to his heart's content. One day, as he knelt absorbed in prayer outside his hut, a little bird came and perched upon a spray and sang so delicately and sweetly that Philemon's thoughts were whirled away. It reminded him of his childhood, and, as he knelt there, old memories of his mother floated back to him from the past, and tears stood in his eyes. The little bird flew away, and Philemon awoke as from a trance. How furious he was! To have his thoughts, which had soared to Heaven's gate, recalled to earth by a bird! It was maddening to his pride. Next day he spread the prayer-mat in his hut, but as he prayed the little bird alighted softly at the entrance of the hut. It was singing again sweet and low, and it hopped gently across the floor to where he knelt; with dainty wings outstretched, its pretty head on one side, its bright eye glancing here and there, it approached quite fearlessly. But Philemon's wrath knew no bounds. He started to his feet and seized a staff and struck the bird, and slew it where it stood. It lay there in its blood, a little helpless heap of ruffled feathers. Philemon seized it, and rushing out of the hut, he flung it far into the forest, exclaiming: "Thou at least shalt never more disturb my prayers." Lo! as he returned to his hut, behold, there stood a glorious Vision on the spot where the dead bird's blood had stained the ground, and a voice asked him sternly:

"Philemon! why hast thou slain my Messenger?"

"I, Lord, I, slain Thy Messenger?" he faltered forth; "I have slain nothing but a bird."

The Vision answered: "Philemon, thou wert never so near Heaven as in listening to that little bird's song. He was my Messenger to thee to teach thee to love. Know, now, that thy prayers are never heard in Heaven, for in that day that thou drovest away the poor and outcast from thy door, *in that day* did I turn my face from thy petition. This shall be thy punishment. Thou shalt never henceforth hear a human voice, or see a human face come nigh thy dwelling. In this forest shalt thou dwell for ever with no companions save the birds and beasts and flowers, and they shall be thy teachers and thou shalt learn to love."

* * *

Hundreds of years have passed away, but in that country stands a vast mysterious forest into which man can never penetrate, but in which grow most rare and beautiful plants of all descriptions, and in which dwell strange beasts and beautiful birds of wondrous plumage. Strange legends are afloat concerning a mysterious Spirit who haunts the forest in the form of a very aged man. He seems to know each plant and love each creature, and is confided in alike by bird and beast. None know that that same Spirit is no other than the priest Philemon, to whom the beasts and birds have taught at last their lowly lesson of Love.

The Needle in the Haystack

ONCE upon a time, in a land far, far away, a young farmer wished to marry a princess. The farmer used to rake hay near the palace; and, on sunny days, the princess would take her sewing and sit on a stone bench outside the walls. So, in this way, they chanced to meet, and they saw each other often.

One day, however, one of the King's nobles found the two of them talking together, and went and told the King. "Why," said the King, "I have never heard of such a thing: a common, stupid farmer daring to talk to my daughter! I'll have the fellow hanged!"

The two were brought before him, and he told the young man he must make up his mind to die. But the princess wept, and pleaded with her father, till, to quiet her, he said: "I'll tell you what I'll do. To-morrow, my trusty friend, who first told me the tale, shall take a pitchfork (I believe that is the name of the thing they use for the hay), and dig a hole in a haystack. Into this, my daughter, you shall drop one of your needles; you shall do it yourself, so as to know it is there—one only, and not a knitting-needle either. Then my trusty friend shall cover it with hay. This young man shall be under a guard till to-morrow morning. They will see that he does not go to buy a needle, or beg or borrow one. I will then give him one hour—just one hour to do what has never been done in my kingdom. He can find the needle in the haystack! If he does it in that time, I will spare his life, and let him have my daughter for his wife." At this, the young farmer looked unhappy; but a whisper reached his ear before he was led away, and he smiled for the first time that day.

Next morning, all the court and the guards and the people formed a ring around the haystack. The King's trusty friend marched up and took hold of the pitchfork. Then he dug a deep hole with it, and waited for the princess. Slowly she drew near, leaned over, and stretched out her hand. Those who had keen eyes saw something gleam in the sunlight for a moment as the needle fell among the million stems of dried grass. With a glance of scorn at her father's friend, she turned away. He took the fork, filled up the hole in the haystack, fixed his glasses, and showed his teeth in an evil grin. How the people craned their necks when the young man was brought forward!

But he did not go near the haystack at first. He walked round and round it with his eyes cast down, and a look of deep thought upon his face. Some of the people began to laugh. Others said he had lost his wits. Others said all farmers were stupid. A few were filled with pity. All at once, the young man stopped, and, as if he had no time to waste, walked straight to the pile of hay. Stooping down, he felt round the edge of it. "It's in the middle if it's anywhere," cried a pert little page.

The farmer stopped feeling near the ground, and, rising slowly, put his hand into the hay. He seemed to be trying in vain to find the needle, while the people sent word to see what time it was by the royal sun-dial. The hour was nearly gone, and all hope seemed lost. The sound of a far-off trumpet would mean that the youth was to die.

All at once, he drew out his hand with something in it. The needle was found. All the people gave a loud cheer; and the King looked as if he did not know what to do. His trusty friend was still more vexed. "It can't be the needle," he said; "let me look at it." The young man handed it to him, and, in doing so, pricked him in the finger.

"Why," cried the trusty friend, "why, I see how he found it. Look, sire, this needle has a long, long thread." "Of course, it has a long, long thread," said the princess, mocking at him; "what's the use of a needle without a long, long thread?" Ah, well, she was a spoiled child, and her father did not chide her.

There is no need to tell the rest of the story, except that they lived happily ever after. The story may remind us that

> "For every evil under the sun,
> There is a cure, or there is none;
> If there is one, try to find it;
> If there is none, never mind it."

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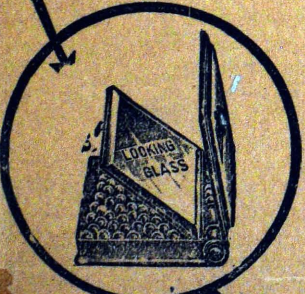

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